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The Basement.

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W. Webster 1/11

The Analecta

Vol. 15

EASTER NUMBER

No. 1

YEAR BOOK

Published by the Students

.. of ..

Central Collegiate Institute



"LUX SIT"

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—Advertising Staff.

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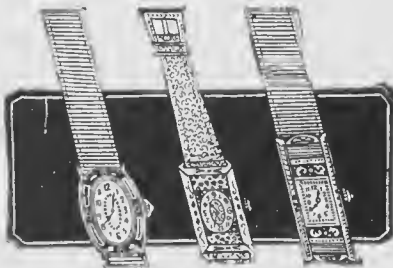
Wilber—"Isn't my moustache becoming?"

Hazel—"It may be coming, but I don't see it yet."

*J. Vair
Anderson*



224 - 8th Ave. West
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Baby Picture No. 3—Bernard Russel

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Baby Picture No. 2—Jerry Wilson

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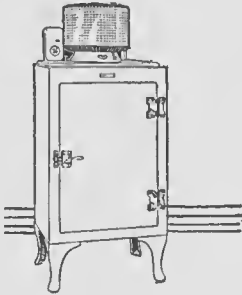
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Baby Picture No. 1—Mary Barker

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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

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 =1930=

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NEWTON GILLESPIE, BOB SPOONER.



IVAN SMITH

Baledictory

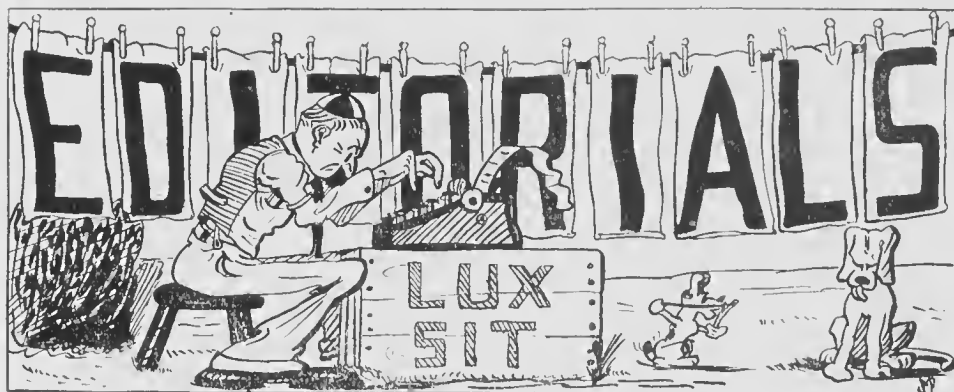
Schooldays!—What a host of vivid recollections rush into our minds at the mere mention of that magic word. Memories of close friendship, hard-work, escapades punished and unpunished. Memories not only of cheering crowds of fellow students at games and sport meets, but of those days, when walking home with our books under our arms we were able to say: "I learned something today."

What graduate could ever forget the dances, the concerts, the banquets which colored our school life so brightly?

The teachers, too, will be remembered, not only by their unselfishness in sacrificing time and energy for our advancement, but by their peculiar mannerisms. Each will stand forth in our minds and will be called by fond "nick-names" in after years. We who pass out of the doors of our beloved school do so with our courage bolstered by the feeling that we have something solid, something above value, behind us, backing us up, as it were, in all our endeavors.

And so, to the school which has been so successful in every sphere of school life, and will, we hope, continue to be so for many years to come, we bid farewell!

—Ivan Smith.



THE HONORS OF CENTRAL HIGH

Each year it is with the highest expectancy and the greatest interest that we await the announcement of the winners of the Bennett Scholarships. It is our fervent hope that the honors may fall upon some of our comrades in Central High. These scholarships were first offered in 1922. Since that time twenty-eight of them have been awarded. Of these, Central High may boast of having fourteen won by her students. Central may claim even more honor when it is understood that this competition is open to all the students in the High schools in Calgary and that only half the scholarships have been won by students in High schools other than Central. This indeed is a credit to our school and an honor much to be coveted by any school. To win such a scholarship a student must obtain the highest average mark on the June exams. For this reason not only are these students to be applauded, but also the teachers who, by their fine imparting of knowledge, were able to make it possible for the students to win such distinction, are to be strongly commended.

The following Bennett scholarships have been won by students of Central High School:

1922—Grade XI—Donald Simmons; Lesley Lillian Calder.

Grade XII—Marshall Edward Manning.

1923—Grade XI—George Stanley.

Grade XII—Lesley Lillian Calder.

1924—Grade XI—Wilbur B. Chellis.

Grade XII—Isabel Landels.

1926—Grade XI—Arthur R. Cragg.

1927—Grade XI—Alfred Stiernotte; Patricia Parker.

Grade XII—William P. Taylor.

1928—Grade XII—Alfred Stiernotte; Patricia Parker.

1929—Grade XI—Margaret Agnes Smith.

A matter of more general interest is called to our mind. It is that of the recent results of the June, 1929, examinations. We are informed that of the 114 diplomas awarded in Grades XI and XII of Central High School for Normal and Matriculation courses, 34 were honor diplomas. Another banner added to the flagstaff of Central High! To those obtaining dip-

lomas are extended our heartiest acclamations. To those fortunate enough to secure honor diplomas are offered our sincerest and deepest congratulations.

In concluding such a statement of the fine work of the teachers and the splendid works of the students of Central High School, it need only be sufficient to express the desire that always may Central have such honors contributed to her through the never-failing work of her teaching staff and the never-tiring work of her students!

—Gerald Wilson.

A NEW GYMNASIUM

What an asset a good Gym. would be to C.C.I. What a painful lack we feel in having to use the old one. We do not use the Assembly Hall for any strenuous exercise for fear of knocking the plaster off the ceilings of the rooms below. Thousands of dollars have been spent on the two new High schools. Central High School will last at least fifty years more. It seems only fair that C.C.I. should be provided with a good gymnasium.

Physical training is a compulsory unit on our High school course. Yet how many students benefit by it in our school? Our rugby players get training in autumn; our basketball teams practice for a few winter months; a few boys knock elbows in the spare room, trying to do cadet drill. Roughly about 10% of the students get any physical drill. A good Gym. built on our grounds would make possible any amount of training. Also interest would be stimulated in inter-room sports; our school life would be livened up; our studies would be done in a more cheerful manner.

Central High School is a more logical location for the best gymnasium than is Crescent Heights. Our grounds are more in the centre of the city. More people would be interested in the City Basketball Leagues than at present if the games were played in the central part of the city.

The arguments in favor of a good gymnasium are so practical and forceful, that the arguments against the project simply fade away. A new gymnasium on our grounds would be used to its full value.

M.S.—XIIA.

A PIECE OF GOOD ADVICE

We're almost ready to go out into the great, wide world where we will have to cease depending on others and begin to rely on ourselves. From what I hear we will also be compelled to change our ideas of life to a great extent; and we want to change them for the better. Many business men have said that the reason they become so disgusted with the young people that come into their offices, is that they aren't willing to work for promotion—they want to get picked up. One man in particular advised us all to take this piece of advice to heart. It's taken from an Old Foggy's Inglenook in the Valoo World.

"I am going to do all in my power to help the fellow above me—the fellow whose responsibilities are greater than mine, whose duties are more exacting, whose planning is more important, whose vision has a wider range, whose time is in greater demand, and upon whose shoulders rests a heavier burden. I shall do this whether I am at the bottom of the ladder and the fellow higher up is immediately above me, or on the topmost round. In doing this, faithfully and ungrudgingly, I believe I shall be most likely to help myself.

"I know frankly that this seems to be a reversal of the time-honored admonition to give a helping hand to the fellow lower down. But it is nothing of the sort. I do not intend to lessen my sympathetic interest in the fellow below me simply because I plan to show keener interest and a more alert sympathy for the fellow above than I have shown in the past. Rather, it seems to me, my interest in the man below will be increased by reason of my better directed interest in the man above; and if the man below follows my example, I shall be a beneficiary of his reawakened interest and effort, thus adding to my capacity to give helpful service and to pass it along the line clear to the top."

It's this co-operation that they all claim we young people lack. So let's surprise them and co-operate to the very best of our ability.

—G.M.R.

EDUCATION

Unto what heights are we consciously striving; towards the realization of what ideals do we labor? We ask ourselves continually, "Do our studies lead directly to the fulfillment of these hopes, or should we be following a more practical education?"

We challenge the theory strongly that success in life is the direct result of book-learning. We would not have our students confined to the narrow bounds of two covers. It is true that knowledge in itself is nothing if with it there is not a knowledge in the affairs of the world about us. To compile a knowledge like the former, but not being able to apply it, of what use is it?

Yet though this be true, our academic training must not be neglected. Often students are heard to say "What good will Science or Literature ever do me. I don't intend to earn my living with them." True, but that is not the object of Academic training. Though Science and Literature will probably reap us no direct returns, yet much is gained. With it comes the power of concentration and the appreciation of good books, so that one is better enabled to acquit himself creditably in the hours of leisure he may follow in later life.

So in our curriculum, men successful in life have endeavored to combine that which will be profitable to our general advancement. To realize our ideals, this book knowledge is very essential; our books should be used not merely to teach us a trade in life, but as counsellors and treasured friends; allies in the task of achieving a really creative education.

—L.G.—XIIA.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Interest in any girls' sports in our school is sadly lacking. In fact, the only sport the girls have is basketball, and supplemented by no other training our basketball is not what it should be. There was a time when our scores in basketball against opponents read like a fairy tale—delightful for us. But now! It seems that our glory is all of the past, for our scores in 1930 games fill us with woe.

There are many girls in our school from whom a good hockey team could be chosen. Yet there is not a vestige of interest shown in the forming of such a team. Therefore all our excellent girl skaters pass through their school life unacknowledged.

Would not a Tennis club be an interesting project? Could not the girls form a baseball team in the spring?

An abundance of athletic ability is to be found in C.C.I. girls, yet this talent is wasted so far as school sports are concerned.

Wake up, Centrallites, and stimulate some keen interest in girls' sports!

M.S.—XIIA.

"YOUTH"

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new"—and as one group of students pass out into the world's great field of activities, another advances to seek a higher standard of knowledge. But as this later group is preparing itself to follow the footsteps of its contemporaries, let us turn to the group that has just entered the world. This body of ambitious, inexperienced youths face new adventures, new difficulties, new ideals. Their childhood days have passed—they are now the roots of a new civilization, the future is theirs—they must enter it with courageous hearts and determined minds. For many past years they have been taught the wisdom of the world and now they must face the world with that wisdom. To them it appears to be a strange and interesting adventure, but in reality it is a long, hard fight. There is bound to be countless ups and downs, successes and failures. Those who prepare themselves thoughtfully and advance slow but determined shall succeed, but those who enter the world with a light and carefree attitude shall in the end be carrying a burden. Those who are instructing our youths today as to their future, were the youths of yesterday; and so life passes on. Here's to our youths of today who stand on the threshold of life—those who are about to conquer the world's obstacles and who we hope shall!

Henry B. Valleau.

THE FIRST DOLLAR I EARNED

For nearly two hours of the previous day I had worked, trying to clean a particularly dirty yard—so filthy in fact, that I wouldn't have attempted cleaning it, except that it was a big enough job to net me at least a dollar. When at last I had finished, the lady who had asked me to do the work came out, smiling sweetly, and said, "Thank you, my lad. Here is ten cents."—I was mad. I had good reason, but that didn't change things. I was still mad. And every gopher I saw made me madder. I would shoot one, and turn around to see another defiantly "peeping" at me, and the more I shot the thicker they came out "peeping" derisively it seemed. It made me see red. I tramped around throwing shells everywhere and anywhere, as long as I thought they might knock the impudence out of some of those taunting gophers. Strange to say, most of them did. When I cooled down I discovered that I was in possession of more than forty carcasses. That settled things. I couldn't help being in good humor when I found that for the first time since I had started shooting gophers, I had in one trip earned over a dollar more than my expenses.—J. G.—XC.

FORSAKEN

The night is dark, the path is long,
The blasts rage fierce in angry song;
With threatening swell from mighty sea,
Look yonder how the billows roar,
Rush in and break on darksome shore.
O Traveller, come and rest with me!

Far hast thou come from lands unknown,
No friendly eyes on thee have shone,
All lost, alone, where wilt thou be?
With only moon and stars to guide
Within some lonely dell to hide.
O Traveller, come and rest with me!

Wait not for now the storm is here,
And little else there is to fear,
I take thy hospitality.
The great door clangs, the bolts are shot,
The storm shrieks on but all for naught.
O world-worn Traveller, rest with me!

—F. Fraser.

FARMER WHITEBEARD MUSES

What a pity the chickweed don't hatch out a chick.
An' the milkweed ain't good as a cow;
That the bull-thorne, tho' running all over the field,
Don't furnish a beefsteak somehow.
With prices as high as the air it's a shame.
I'd be as rich as old Croesus—but what's in a name?

—Dorothy McDougall—XA.



MARGARET SMITH



ALISON JACKSON

SCHOLARSHIPS

One afternoon last fall the students of Central High assembled for the presentation of prizes won by the students of C.C.I. in the June examinations of 1929. The Hon. R. B. Bennett honored us by his presence, and after a short address presented one of the Bennett Scholarships to Margaret Smith, for obtaining the highest average in Grade XI in Calgary. Then Dr. A. M. Scott presented to Alison Jackson the McKillop Scholarship. This scholarship is offered to the student in C.C.I. obtaining the highest marks in Grade XI.

Margaret Smith—Since entering C.C.I. Margaret has set an almost unsurpassable record. Not once has her average been below 90%. In Grade X she obtained the highest marks in Calgary and again has she upheld her standard in Grade XI by ranking first. Not only does she excel in her studies but she has been on the Senior Basketball team since her freshman year. Next year Margaret goes to the university and C.C.I., I am sure, wishes her every success. Her marks in the Grade XI examinations for June, 1929, are—Literature 3-84, Composition 3-88, History 3-97, Arithmetic 100, Algebra 2-99, chemistry 1-92, Latin 2-90, Geography 95, French 3-81.

Alison Jackson is another excellent student whom the pupils of C.C.I. regard with enviable pride. Alison made a wonderful beginning by gaining the highest marks in Calgary in Grade IX, and in Grade XI she has been repaid for her many hours of study. This year Alison is only taking half her Grade XII and will be back to complete it next year. Whatever career she chooses to follow she is sure to be successful for she is a real student. The marks which justly obtained her the scholarship are—Literature 3-82, Composition 3-85, History 3-89, Latin 2-93, Chemistry 1-92, Arithmetic 100, Geography 89, Geometry 2-94.



KWONG TUO'S FINGER-NAILS

(First Prize)

Kwong Tuo sat peacefully in the doorway of his silk shop and occupied himself by looking at his finger-nails. They were long, sharp and yellow, and when he gracefully moved his hand in salutation to some of the passers-by they clicked and rustled together with a sound like dead leaves whispering in the wind. He was prouder of his finger-nails than of the prosperous shop behind him.

The sluggish Si-Kiang flowed directly past his shop, indeed part of the building stood on stilts in the water much like a woman holding up her skirts and standing in a puddle. He watched the boats with their queer bat-like sails float lazily down the river. Merchants in the street beside the stream occasionally called their wares—tea, rice, fruit, and all kinds of garden truck, and these cries mingled pleasantly with the sounds of playing children, donkeys, dogs and the shouts of the barge men. Kwong Tuo, yellow, bent and ugly, leaned back and pulled his stringy whiskers in great contentment.

It was getting dark and Kwong Tuo called to him his assistant, San Foy, who had faithfully served him for five years.

"San Foy," he said, "it is time to close the shop."

"Master, that is true," replied San Foy. He was an incredibly ugly man, very yellow and wrinkled and he squinted terribly. About his neck he wore a green jade necklace curiously carved, of which he was inordinately proud.

They went about closing up the shop and Kwong Tuo put the takings of the day in the big old-fashioned safe he had imported from Sheffield. He had a great deal of money in his safe for tomorrow he was getting a special shipment of silk from Hong-Kong. San Foy knew this very well.

That evening San Foy repaired as usual to the gambling den he frequented. He had a further run of the bad luck that had attended him for

the past three weeks. He rose from the table very dispirited, but waved away his clamorous creditors with a great show of confidence.

"Tomorrow," he said, "I shall pay you without fail."

He left the den and slunk down the crooked streets till he came to his master's silk shop again. Craftily he raised a window and slipped inside. There was not a sound. He glided over to the safe and began to turn the dial. He had memorized perfectly the combination, having secretly watched his master open the safe many times. His fingers trembled but finally the heavy door creakingly swung open. Suddenly he heard a quavering old voice behind him.

"Who is there?" San Foy made no noise that would answer Kwong Tuo's question. Wheeling swiftly he threw himself on the old man. A terrible struggle in the dark ensued. For all his age Kwong Tuo was very strong. They swayed and crashed to the floor. Kwong Tuo grabbed San Foy's necklace and twisted it round and round nearly croking the thief. San Foy hammered at his master's face and then banged Kwong Tuo's head against the edge of the safe. He fled through the window, but was without the money.

When he reached his hovel he flung himself down on his couch and debated what he should do. If he left Canton he would immediately be suspected; if he went as usual to the shop at six o'clock and appeared greatly astonished that a thief had come and gone in the night no one would connect him with the attempted robbery. He decided on the bolder plan.

Accordingly then he went back to the shop the following morning. Kwong Tuo was standing in the doorway with his head bandaged. San Foy was clever, moreover he was a Cantonese. He expressed great surprise, throwing about his arms and finally asked his master what had happened to him. It was very well done.

"I fell," Kwong Tuo said, "and cut my head. It is nothing—Come, we have much to do." San Foy followed him into the shop bewildered. Why had his master made such an excuse! Did he or did he not suspect him?

A little later during the morning Kwong Tuo spoke to him:

"San Foy, I have always admired your necklace, but have never examined it closely. I am interested in its curious carving. Let me see it." San Foy removed it and handed it to him.

"Thank you. Now I have a message for you to do. I want you to take this silk to the white woman, Mrs. Berkesley, at the compound on the next street. Tell her I hope it will match."

San Foy left his master scrutinizing his jade necklace. He was in a turmoil of doubt. If Kwong Tuo suspected him why didn't he do something about it?

When he was gone Kwong Tuo carefully picked out a jagged piece of finger nail jammed in the necklace. The nail on the index finger of his left hand was broken completely off. When he fitted the broken piece to his finger nail, he found that they fitted exactly!

Kwong Tuo then did a curious thing. He lifted a piece of reed matting from the floor and extracted three floor boards. He dropped a paper

weight through the aperture and was rewarded a second later by a tinkling splash. The river! He placed two thin bamboo strips over the hole and then replaced the matting. It looked very much as before. Then he placed his chair on the other side of the safe and waited.

When San Foy returned he said to him:

"Come here. I have something to give you." But something in the suavity of his voice frightened San Foy.

"What is it, master?" he said trembling.

"That is true, San Foy. I am your master and I command you to come here. I want to give you your week's wages and your necklace." San Foy saw gold glitter and his precious necklace suspended on his master's fingernails.

He took a step forward and felt the floor give under him. With a shriek he disappeared except for the fingers of one hand which clutched the edge of the hole. The fingers were on the slippery reed matting. An eighth of an inch at a time it slipped under them. The wretched man's breath whistled through his teeth. The fingers lost their hold and with a splash the dark water of the Si-Kiang closed over its prey.

Kwong Tuo did not move. He smiled and looked fondly at his fingernails.

Eileen H. Nicholson—XA.

CANADA'S CALL TO YOUTH

(Honorable Mention)

Youth entered a forest clearing where a number of men were preparing a meal. He stood silent behind a tree for some time, and then advanced towards the group. The first man to spy Youth, said in his refined voice, "Good-day."

Youth advanced into the circle and was introduced to the others. The first to extend his greetings was a very tall, thin person whose nose seemed far too long, and whose chin was covered by a grey shaggy beard, which wagged strongly as the man talked. The next, a jolly little fat man with laughing eyes, side-burns and wide top boots, answered to the name of John Bull. The third, a dark-visaged creature, was dressed for a fishing trip; his eyes, close set, peered at you like two little black dots; his moustache, neatly waxed, tapered to the tips. This was Pierre la France. Fourth came a large dark man, short of breath, his hair cut so short, stood on end; a heavier growth on his upper lip curled upwards at the ends, was still moist from the contents of the jug from which he had been drinking. His voice had a blustering harsh note, and responded to the name of Herr Rhineland. Pedro Argentine and Wee Foo were the last to be introduced. Youth then turned to his first friend and asked his name and he modestly replied, "Jack Canuck."

After the introductions each one offered to take him along with them. Youth told them he longed for adventure in the open prairie where he

could best serve God. "Since I cannot go with you all, I will follow the one who can give me what I seek.

They all spoke in turn offering wealth, titles, and pleasures, but none so far had offered him what he was seeking for. John Bull then spoke, he said that he, personally, was not in need of more men but to help his many sons was to help himself, and he smiled affectionately at Jack. Uncle Sam fearing to be out-done by father and son stepped in. He then proceeded to speak to Youth. "Come, and some day you may be President."

"No," said the boy. "I want neither your ready-made wealth or Presidency. I seek the broad open spaces yet untouched, where God in nature is still the Supreme Power and through Him a man may build and achieve as he will."

"Mine, then," said Jack Canuck, the last to speak, "is the place you are seeking. A country rich in minerals, woodlands and natural resources, too numerous to be mentioned, and as yet undeveloped. Its plains are broad and fertile, its coastal waters and inland lakes led by the mighty sea, teem with fish.

"I entice you not with wealth. My land is peaceful and my people are loyal to their King, to each other and right. And here you may worship God as you please. But why waste words, come with me and behold for yourself."

Youth arose and followed to the bank of the river where they entered a canoe and were soon paddling northward.

"This is what I offer," said his guide, as they came in sight of land. "Those who fail here never really had an inclination to succeed."

"See the shining towers of that city toward the east. That is Ottawa, the capital. Beyond these mountains is the city of Vancouver, while we see far miles and miles the beautiful prairie land. Oh, you are interested in the broad, clear plains between these extremities. Little wonder you are filled with enthusiasm as you regard the surging mass of cattle and those countless acres of waving gold grain they spell life and freedom. Now, incline your ear to that enormous roar, that is from our many waterfalls, especially Niagara.

"I have mentioned our problem of government, but we have other problems also. Do you see those streaks of grey along the horizon, both east and west? They come from the funnels of great ocean liners arriving or leaving our seaports, arriving probably with settlers from foreign lands seeking a peaceful home in Canada. It is our duty to make one big mass until all are one—Canadians.

"Come, Youth, hearken to my call. We need you on the threshold of your manhood!"

Silently, for Youth's heart was too full for words, Jack Canuck led forth a young boy entering manhood, blinded by a wonderous vision.

K. McManus—IXE.

JAKE AND SAM

(First Prize)

The weather-beaten old farmer was grinning broadly when he stopped his wagon.

"Well, Jake, I told you not to be gittin' one o' them fool contraptions."

A grease-smeared face appeared from under the engine hood of a dilapidated "Tin Lizzy," that was blocking the road.

"Well, I'd rather have one o' those here machines than that onery mule o' yours!" grunted this opposition.

An expression of righteous indignation spread over the face of the other man. He was proud of his mule, and he had a right to be, for it was the best one in the district. There were only a few spots where its hide was worn bare, and they weren't so very big. And, besides, it seldom balked more than once or twice a day. The mule's lazy pose between the shafts might have made a person doubtful as to its good qualities, but this did not seem to affect its owner.

"Say, you ain't gonna call Betsy no onery mule!" he snapped. "She don't give me half the trouble that rattle-trap gives you! Giddap, Betsy!"

Betsy didn't move.

"Giddap, I said!" roared its suddenly belittled owner.

Still the mule didn't move.

"Hey, you onery fool! Wake up!"

"Samuel, what was that remark you made to me a little while ago?" asked Jake in much politeness.

"Shut up, will ya, and quit callin' me Samuel! Giddap Betsy! Say, wake up!"

Sam was getting more angry and uncomfortable every minute. Jake watched his friend's antics for a few minutes, and then, with an ever-broadening grin, he reached down and began to crank his Ford. After a few turns the engine suddenly spluttered, backfired and caught. It sounded like a boiler factory, but it was going.

Sam stood up and wiped some of the mud from his face. Then he turned around and gazed down the road at his rapidly vanishing wagon.

"Well, I'll be dog-goned!" he ejaculated.

"What a wonderful mule," remarked Jake. "Oh well, climb in my car and we'll ketch it."

Sam, grumbling, did so, and in a few minutes they were bouncing along the road in pursuit of the mule.

"She sure must hev travelled," said Jake. "I couldn't see a sign of her from on that hill, and we've been drivin' fer near half an hour."

The car swung around the turn at the bottom of a gully. Suddenly the brakes screeched. With a thud the machine bumped into the back of the missing wagon. Betsy looked around at them, blinked, and resumed her sleepy pose.

"Say, that thing don't act like the mule that ran away," said Jake.

"Somethin's wrong," answered Sam. "She's never been that dead to the world before. I—I bet she's sick!"

The two men hurried over towards Betsy.

"Here's the trouble," stated Jake, holding the mule's hoof. "She's stepped on a horse-shoe and got her foot full of nails."

Sam straightened with a jerk.

"Hev you forgotten everythin' you ever knew about stock?" he demanded.

"Oh! I must hev been thinkin' about my Ford," answered Jake, wearily. "You know, if it ran over a horse-shoe full of nails it would . . ."

"Ferget thet 'tin Lizzy' of yours and get to work," interrupted Sam.

"It ain't a 'tin Lizzy' and don't ferget it!" snapped Jake.

"Oh, quit scrappin' and try and find what's the matter with Betsy."

"All that's the matter with Betsy is that your drivin' her!"

"You . . . !"

Sam was interrupted by a terrific banging and clanking from Jake's flivver. In some way Betsy had slipped her harness when the two men were arguing, and now she was engaged in reducing the front end of the Ford to scrap iron. It was only the combined efforts of both men that prevented her from entirely succeeding.

"Look at that radiator," groaned Jake.

"I don't see what difference it makes if you have a screen on the front or not," said Sam.

"Screen! Thet ain't no screen," answered Jake. "Its—its like a whole bunch of troughs."

"Oh, I see. Well, I've got a trough full of holes at home. You can use it," suggested Sam.

Jake snorted.

"Say, you'll have to git a lot more than a trough full of holes!" he said, decisively. "Betsy's ruined the fenders and the lights, and the fan's bust, and so are a couple of spark-plugs."

"Spark-plugs? What kind of terbaccer are they?" asked Sam.

"Well, it's got plenty of kick" he was told.

"I like strong terbaccer. Show me where it is," he demanded.

"Well," said Jake, pointing to a spark-plug, "grab thet knob and pull the radiator towards it."

Sam did as he was told. Jake switched on the power.

"Ow!" yelled Sam. "It hurts!"

"What's wrong?" asked Jake, innocently.

"It won't let go of me!" squawked Sam. "Ow!"

"That's too bad," said Jake. "Why don't you let go of it?"

"Shet up and do somethin'!" yelled Sam.

After a while Jake opened the switch.

"Oof!" gasped Sam. "I'm stickin' to mules fer life!" With that he walked away, harnessed his mule as best he could, and drove off.

"Dern flivvers!" he muttered, rubbing his arm.

Jake looked at his battered car.

"Dern mules!" he muttered, and walked away.

SPRING HOUSECLEANING

(First Prize)

Dashing into the house Mr. Newlywed slipped on a cake of soap and sat down in a tub of hot water. Angrily he jumped up, only to trip over a broom handle. He grabbed at the table for support and succeeded in spilling a pail of red paint over his head.

"Oh, Sally!" he shouted, "has the world come to an end?" At that moment Sally herself appeared on the scene. She was almost lost in a big dirty apron. Straggly ends of hair stuck out from under a once yellow dust cap, while a thick black stripe adorned her cheek.

He groaned and she gasped "Get out of that mess," she wailed. "Oh, George, you've spilled all my paint. Gracious, what language!" George went to the sink and vigorously turned the taps. "What the——." There was no water.

"I had the water turned off," said Sally from somewhere behind a pile of rubbish, "because the plumber is coming. You'll have to wash in the scrub pail. I haven't used it yet." He laborously washed off the paint and sank heavily on the nearest chair.

"Ow," he yelled, jumping from the chair and landing in a tub of paste. "That's a fine place to keep wire brushes, on chairs." Another wash in the scrub pail and George felt like he'd been swimming. He rushed upstairs to change his clothes.

"Oh, Sally," he cried, leaning over the banister and bumping his head on a cabinet which he had last seen in his room. "Oh, Sally, where's my other suit, and I can't find my underwear."

"Don't be foolish," mumbled Sally, coming to the foot of the stairs with her mouth full of pins, "you know very well that I sent your suit out to be cleaned and your underwear was sent to the laundry this morning."

He started down the stairs, slipped on a dustpan and took a nosedive the rest of the way. He recovered from this physical performance in time to answer the phone. "Hello!" he called viciously.

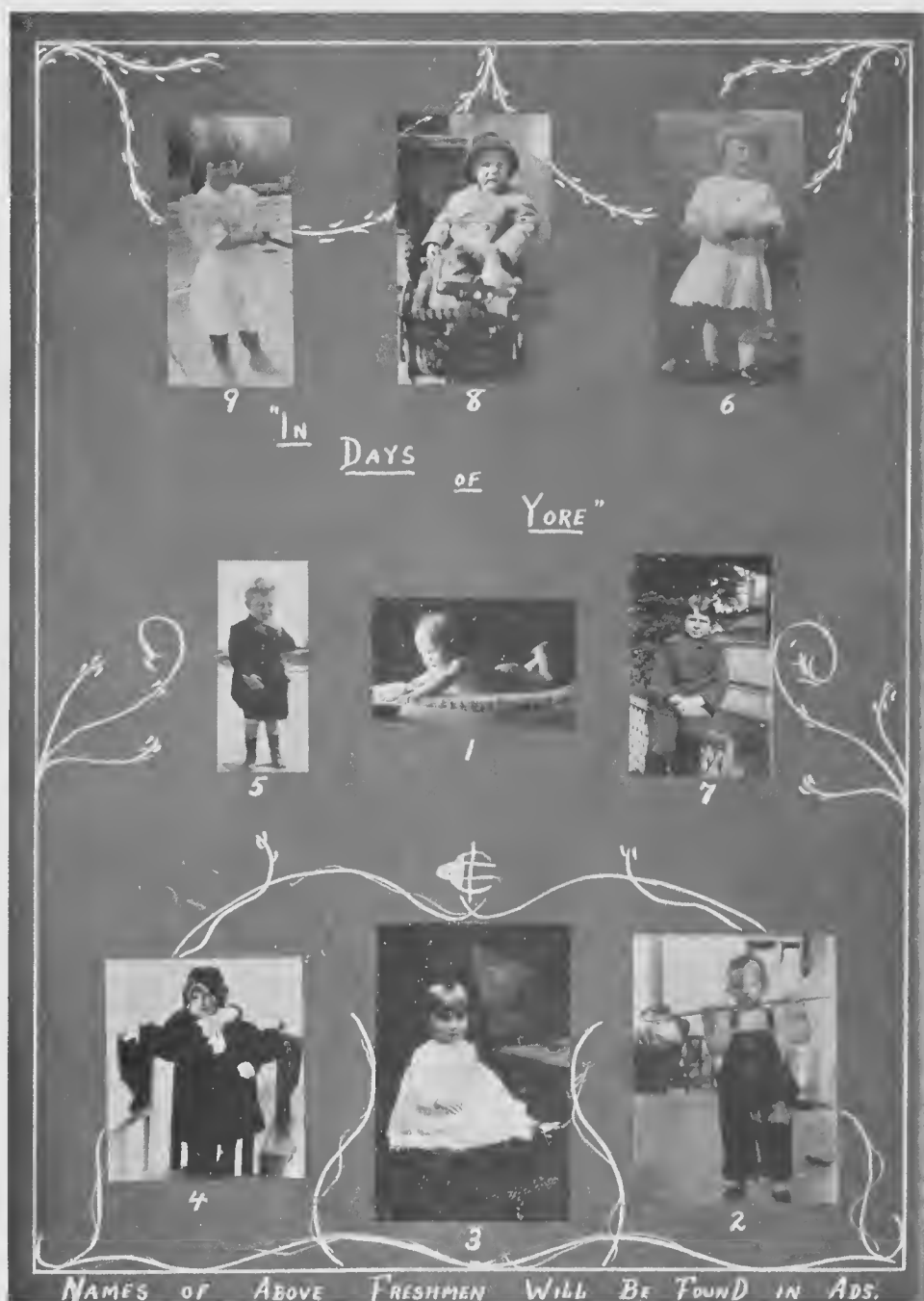
"Hello George"—sounded like his boss—"I have great news for you. I have sent Mr. Hartle down to your house. He is prepared to buy a large order if you treat him nice. This is your big chance, but remember, he goes a lot by appearance. Good luck."

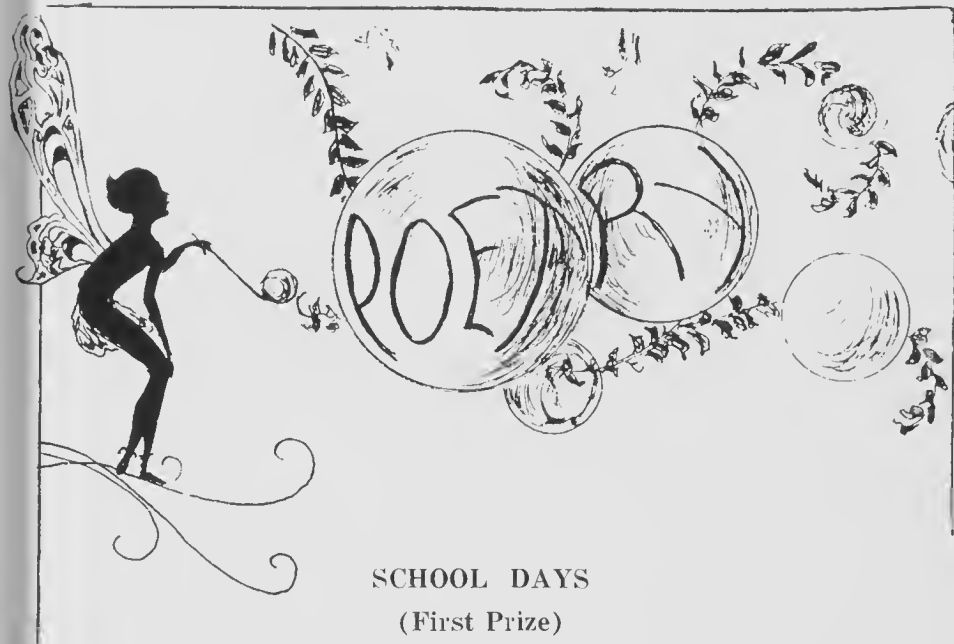
George put the receiver down with a bang and gazed down at himself. His flannel pants had shrunk four inches. His tie was gone and his shirt was covered with paste and red paint. The door bell rang. He leaped into a closet, knocking over a plant on the way, and shouted to his wife not to answer the door. Five minutes later the man left and George emerged from his hiding place, covered with dust and looking as if he had lost his last friend.

He carefully examined a kitchen chair, then sat down and ordered some supper. Sally served some soup which had been left over from the night before, not knowing, of course, that a piece of soap had fallen into it earlier that morning. Late that night George crept wearily upstairs, and finding the light gone threw himself down on the bed. At least the bed had been there last night, but it wasn't then and he hit the floor with a thump that shook the house. Upstairs rushed Sally and into the room. Immediately she turned on the light, and beheld her husband sprawled across the floor. Without moving he mumbled something about being ruined and refused to move or speak for the next hour.

Sally shrugged her shoulders and went out of the room. "Men are funny," she thought, "making all that fuss just because I happened to be doing a little housecleaning."

P. Ryan—XA.





SCHOOL DAYS

(First Prize)

To school days, which too soon will end,
For all of us, are these lines penned;
Four short, short years and then we go
To give the world all that we know.

The joys, the fun, detentions too,
Tyrant teachers who "picked on you,"
Will soon become faint as a dream,
And as a long-forgotten joy 'twill seem.

To each of you who will remain
To uphold the honor of this name,
We leave a trust: to do your best
In sports, in work, and all the rest.

Florence McCammon—XIIA.

* * *

AT DAWNING

(First Prize)

See — the morning mists unfold!
Far above us, capped in gold,
Rise eternal hills of stone;
Great, mysterious, alone,
Lost — in sacred silent hush,
Like a holy matin said
By the living, for the dead;
Only where the streamlets rush
Far beyond!

Look — from out the clouds o'erhead,
 Floating on his dawning bed
 Sings the lark; in splendor drest,
 Bluebird, robin, and the rest
 Reply — a scented flower's breath,
 To the weary wardling's heart
 Comes the joy of Life, in part;
 From earth's toil and grief and death
 Peace eterne.

Hazel Robinson—XC.

* * *

IN MEMORIAM

(First Prize)

"In loving mem'ry of James Cameron,
 Martyr to science and invention."
 Reads a tombstone in the graveyard—

Here's the story tho' I'm no bard:

Cameron and Nelson, a brilliant pair,
 One day took Chemistry during a spare;
 Mr. Scott eyed them askance,
 Sighed and said, "I'll take a chance."

Cameron and Nelson went into a huddle
 And rescued this from out the muddle:
 "I've got it," shouts Cameron, "we'll make some glass,
 It's not been made yet in our class."

A crucible, a pinch of thermite
 A magnesium wire, it to ignite
 A crucible, and Si O₂,
 Sodium carbonate—that will do.

Silence reigns within the room,
 Intuition of impending doom;
 A match, a flash—sudden—sharp—
 Exit Cameron to get his harp.

The smoke dissolved and drifted away
 Disclosing a scene of wild array
 A microscope held o'er the mass
 Displayed, you're right, a grain of glass.

So you will find that Cameron, James
 Is written 'mongst the honored names
 Of C.C.I.—the silly ass—
 As pioneer in making glass.

Arthur Warrener—XIIA.

ON THINKING IT OVER

(Honorable Mention)

Here now I sit and contemplate
About the times I come in late
Because I certainly abhor
To make the time up after four.

But we will get what we have missed
Because we're on detention list
But we'll not worry 'bout it now,
There's five more nights to teach us how.

At four we visit Eleven-B
Where most of us you're bound to see;
We try to study there, of course,
To prevent conditions getting worse.

But after all is said and done,
There still is room for lots of fun;
And so the week's and month's roll by
Within our halls of C.C.I.

Philip Wolfson—IXA.

In Memory

... of ...

VONDA HALE

who died

February 21st, 1930.

—
"Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade."



FAIRIE MUTTART—One of our many charming young Calgarians. Doesn't say much except in Trig. period— but then— !
 "Quiet and calm, of gentle mien
 With unassuming grace."

HAZEL WILKINSON—Our chauffeur and skater. Another one of C.C.I.'s well known figures. What she can't figure out is why the teacher's pick on her.

"Up, up my friend and quit your books,
 Or surely you'll grow double."

CHARLES SELWOOD—Chuck's main strength is his weakness for Latin. He doesn't say much, but we bet he thinks lots.

FLORA WILLIAMS—"Pep" and to what extent?—Oh! oh! We all know Flora and her sunny disposition. XIII wouldn't be XIII without her.

"Sweet personality,
 Full of rascality."

MARGARET RINMAN—XIII's Lending Library when it comes to homework. Margie's chief occupation is arguing.

"She is pretty to walk with,
 Witty to talk with,
 And pleasant, too, to think on."

MARGARET LISTER—A winsome lass with a wealth of golden hair. Her smile and merry laugh have won her many friends in C.C.I.
 "Good humor only teaches charm to last,
 Still makes new conquests and maintains the past."

JIM BURLAND—Comes from a little town called Winnipeg. We are greatly indebted to Jim for the time and labor he has spent on the art work in the "Analecta."

ELEANOR BLOW—Blue eyes, curly locks, sweet disposition, merry laugh oh, what else can you want?

"Those merry eyes do haunt my dreams,
 And make my life worth living."

RALPH MICHELTREE—Born in Calcutta, India, 1912. He decided to come to school this year after a few months' hesitation. Has to sit in XIB for punishment. Has decided to take up golf.

MARY BARKER—"The Flirt." Mary has been interested in many things since she landed in XIII—and who? Favorite expression: "For heaven's sake, boy."

"Though I am young I scorn to flirt
 Upon the wings of borrowed wit."





PEGGY MENZIES One big laugh—that's Pete. She gets a kick out of everything, even Latin. Seen frequently with "Smith."
 "Life's a jest and all things show it,
 I thought so once and now I know it."

FLORENCE McCAMMON—"Satisfied with just you alone" that's her long suit, besides her singing. And that smile! Oh boys!!
 "Forward and frolic, glee was there,
 The will to do, the soul to dare."

HENRY VALLEAU Comes from Alameda, California. Shows promising business acumen even though he is American. Somewhat inclined to frivolity with Mary Barker.

ARTHUR McADAM—Claims he's from Scotland (he isn't just sure where). Likes Geometry so well he just couldn't resist the chance to make a more intensive study.

MARGARET COPE—Wouldn't like you to know it, but she's really a nice girl. Those new, witty sayings you hear originate with ye tender one.
 "A friend who knows and dares to say,
 The brave sweet words that cheer the way."

LOIS ARBOGAST Her quiet and retiring (?) nature is well known around XIIA. Among other accomplishments, Lois shines in her ability to detect ammonia.
 "Snatch gaily the joys which the moments shall bring,
 And away every care and perplexity fling."

EDWIN COFFIN—Very self-effacing; very industrious; very fond of working questions on parabolas without a diagram, which the teacher claims "Even Coffin can't do."

ARTHUR WARRENER - Favorite expression: "Nit-Wit." Art is our crack shot on the range. May take up pool.

AMY BOWKER One of our "Dancing Daughters." We might mention that she's deservedly popular and a great addition to our room.
 "Her very frowns are sweeter far
 Than smiles of other maidens are."

ELLEN ISAACSON—A new comer to C.C.I. The teacher's only hope in Biology.
 "Silence is deep as eternity,
 Speech is shallow as time."





DONALD KEMP Sits so far to the front that we don't hear much about him. He seems to think that there is something hard about History IV.

ALLAN FRASER Cute little fellow. Commonly known as "The Ladies' Man."

CHARMIAN JOHNSON -The chatterbox. Keeps us amused—'atta girl, Charmian. We believe she would like to become an M.P. N'est-ce pas?

BETTY WEBB Le petite one. Betty has a back seat and she doesn't waste the advantages.

"What rage for fame attends both great and small;

"The best things come done up in small parcels."

Better be damned than mentioned not at all."

LLEWELLYN GARDINER Noted for his ability to take indoor pictures (now we ask you) His favorite occupation is putting Mary Baker's overshoes on for her every day.

ANGUS COCHRAN Hails from Claresholm, but we can't hold that against him. Senior partner of the C. & C. Sign Co. Ltd., of XIIA. Keeps the room amused with his original advertisements.

ELIZABETH GUMP -A very quiet little miss, but the way she can write compositions for her composition teacher is nobody's business.

EILEEN STANLEY Holds her own in a front seat, despite the teachers. Her giggle is familiar to everyone.

"And still they gaze and still their wonder grew,

"Variety's the very spice of life,
And gives it all its flavors."

That one small head could carry all she knew."

ROBERT MOORE Comes from Indiana, Pennsylvania (not his fault though). Robert has a sentimental affection for the teacher of Trigonometry, so he failed in it. Next year will be his third.

ERNIE WILLIS Ernie may claim the unique distinction of being the only boy in C.C.I. to have beaten Alison Jackson.





WALLACE MILLICAN Just lives to annoy the teacher in Biology class.

HELEN HAGLE—Has many virtues, but she doesn't broadcast them. Helen contracted a microbe last term, so we missed her for some weeks.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

STEWART McPHERSON — Another Linguist. The boy hopes to write off Latin I and II, and French I and II this year.

MARGARET SMITH "Smith" has brought much fame to C.C.I. and XIIA. Her chief fault, a weakness for winning scholarships. We wish you luck, Marg.

"Born to success she seemed
With grace to win, with heart to hold,
With shining gifts that took all ages."

AYLMER RYAN Says Geometry should be deported under the Undesirable Alien's Act. A quiet little lad at times.

AUDREY FOLKINS "Always wear a smile"—her motto, and she certainly stands by it. No need to mention Audrey's heart is in the right place.

"Charm strike the sight,
But merits win the soul."

MARY BALFOUR—Everybody's friend. A brilliant scholar, and a real good scout. Even the teachers admire her.

"She is not given to words or strife,
And once a friend, a friend for life."

MARK McCLUNG Also comes from Winnipeg. Famous for big words, billiards, and --

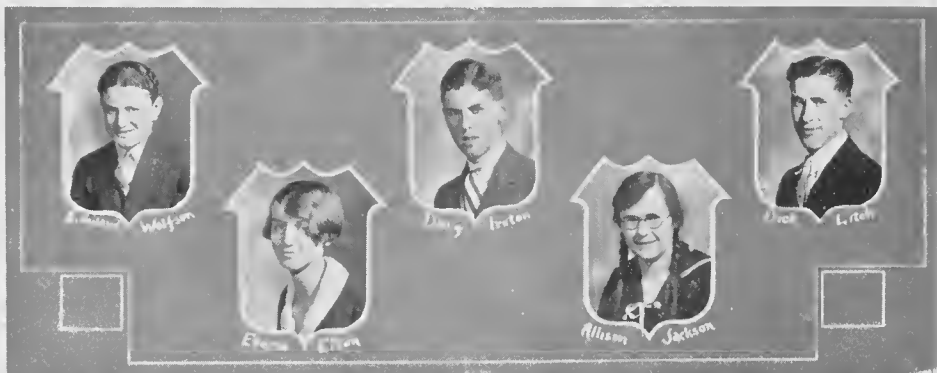
ENA HERMAN—We don't hear much from her corner, so we naturally suppose she's coming to school to learn something.

"Heard melodies are sweet,
But those unheard are sweeter."

LUELLA POLLOCK Hasn't been seen much around our toiling ground since Christmas. We remember her as one of those girls who doesn't waste words.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."





EDWARD WOLFSON—Somewhat quiet, but on occasions he can describe Latin with a facile eloquence that rivals Lear.

ELENA ELTON—Keeps those in her community in good spirits. But her favorite pastime is arguing during Chemistry period.

"Type of her sex in wit and fun,
Holds everything with ease—except her
tongue."

DOUGLAS IRETON—Everyone praises the consistency with which he does his homework. We wonder.

ALISON JACKSON—A fountain of knowledge. We wonder if she studies through a force of will, or if she enjoys it.

"I should applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again."

DICK LITCH—Noted for his catchy ways—particularly on the grid.

DORIS NICHOL—A quiet maiden of a retiring nature, with a heart that's made of gold. We all appreciate her smile.

"A face with kindness overspread,
Soft smiles by human kindness bred."

ALICE HOWSON—Adores argument. Chiefly noted for her literary aspirations and the long words she can use.

"Whatever sceptic could enquire for,
For every why, she had a wherefore."

JAMES CAMERON—Junior member of the C. & C. Sign Co., assists Millican in Biology period. Often called "Cherub" or "The young fellow."

EMMA MOORE—Another of our "Dancing Daughters," and a darned good one. She doesn't say much, but thinks plenty.

"I am not merry but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise."

DOROTHY CHARLESWORTH—Hails from Bashaw. First honored C.C.I. in September, 1929. We're only wishing she had come three years ago.

"To hear her speak, and sweetly smile
You were in Paradise the while."





HOMER NELSON - Originated in Kindersley, Saskatchewan. C.C.I.'s best linesman for two years.

ESELINE McIVOR—A very quiet demure little miss. The only time she squaks is when you step on her toe.

DICK ANTHONY Dick happened at Calgary in 1912. 'Till he was fourteen he did nothing and still does it. When not on a motorcycle, he drives his Daddy's Hupp.

JEAN ANDERSON — "Scotty" lives up to her 'bra' nature when she succeeds in getting two biographies.

MICHAEL TYMCHUCK—Was born in Poland in 1898. He came to Calgary in 1928. Although he did not fight in the world war, he saw active service in Poland's fight for liberty in 1919.

The Kicker

I hate to be a kicker, I always long for peace,
 But the wheel that does the squeaking is the one that gets the grease;
 It is nice to be a peaceful soul and not hard to please,
 But the dog that does the scratching is the one that has the fleas;
 "I hate to be a kicker" means nothing in a show,
 For the kickers in the chorus are the ones that get the dough;
 The art of soft soap spreading is a thing that palls and stales,
 But the guy that wields the hammer is the guy that drives the nails;
 Let us not put any notions that are harmful in your head,
 But the baby that keeps yelling is the baby that gets fed.

* * *

Jameson—"Hey Baker, what would you do if you were knock-kneed?"

Baker—"I guess I'd buy Eythl Gas—it stops the knock, and you get better mileage."



RUGBY BANQUET

Committee—

President—Vera Christie.
 Secretary—Peggy Menzies.
 Decorations—Margaret Rinman.
 Refreshments—Flora Williams.
 Programme—Hazel Wilkinson.
 Finances—Margaret Smith.

The 1929-30 Rugby teams of Central High School were bigger and better than ever, and needless to say, so was the annual banquet.

At 6.30 the members of the Junior, Senior and Intermediate Rugby teams, Grade XII girls, representatives of the High school teams of the city, the school staff and a few honorary guests assembled in the hall to attend the banquet. Each person found his place by means of a miniature football place card, and was provided with a chic purple and gold hat.

Soon supper was finished, and after the tables had been cleared, Dr. Hutchinson and Joe Price gave talks suitable for the occasion. The Senior Rugby Championship team was presented the Shield by Captain Ferguson. The various coaches, Joe Price, Mr. Powell and Mr. Churchill, were presented with small tokens of the boys' appreciation for their assistance and constant work with the teams.

Acting as representative of the boys, Harold Thom presented the president of the girl's staff, Vera Christie, with an abundant box of chocolates. There is no doubt but that these chocolates were an asset to the evening.

The programme, which followed, consisted of recitations, musical selections, entertainment from C.C.I.'s magician, Henry Valteau, dances and also an extremely clever and well acted play staged by some of the girls.

The girls of XII wish to extend their thanks to Miss Elliot, who by her assistance helped them to make this year's banquet really worth while.

Additional Rugby Banquet

This year a special banquet and dance was arranged at the Elks' Hall by some of the present and ex-rugby boys.

The tables, which were decorated with ye old Central colours, were heavily laden with a delicious turkey dinner. Joe Price gave a brief, effective speech, and Jerry Sieberling, the boy's forward pass instructor, congratulated the teams on the games they played. These speeches were followed by an entertainment from Mr. Woodman in the form of a French Canadian Habitant recitation. A vote of thanks was given to our joint hostesses, Mrs. Herron and Mrs. Thom, who succeeded in making such a banquet possible.

The banquet was followed by a delightful dance and social evening. The music, which was gratis from the Orchestra of ex-C.C.I. boys, was full of "pep" and helped to keep everybody lively.

Without a doubt this banquet was a success and it is assured that all who attended will vouch for the good time which they had.

Golfer—"Just look at that girl dressed like a man. What are her parents thinking of anyway? I think it's disgraceful."

Golfer—"I beg your pardon. I didn't know you were her father."

Golf Partner—"I'm not. I'm her mother."

* * *

In the search for a new naval yard-stick, it might not be amiss to try the golden rule.

* * *

"One of us is a cheat."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. Five minutes ago I had a fifth ace in my boot top and now it's gone."

* * *

"The ladies that just passed were Mrs. John Doe and her niece. Her niece is rather good looking."

"Don't say 'knees is,' say 'knees are!'"

* * *

Baker—"Say Mores, do you know that Jameson's gone cuckoo?"

Mores—"O yes. He's been going for quite a while, but what happened?"

Baker—"Today he was standing in front of the school, and here was Jakey Bulshin scattering nickles all over the road and Johnny McNeill picking them up and giving them back—Heey! ambulance . . . !!"

Kappa Kappa Tau



Fraternity of Central Collegiate Institute

Another year passes and the old Frat. is still with the school. During that period the Klan has again strengthened the school spirit within its circle, by the addition of new members.

The Klan as usual will sponsor the sale of School Rings and Pins. We intend to fulfill our past promise of donating a "Debating Cup" to the student body in the near future.

We have maintained, as in the past, our high standard of social entertainment for the students, and we hope you have enjoyed any which you may have attended.

We would welcome any suggestions as to how we could extend our activities within the school.

Owing to the fact that those members who sponsored the organization of a C.C.I. Alumni, have passed into inactive membership, the idea has not progressed. However if any of the older students will co-operate with us in starting this movement again we will lend our strongest support.

The members extend the heartiest wishes for your success in the forthcoming June examinations.

Gordon Cooper, President; Denby Coggan, Secretary; Frank Tilley, Treasurer; Emerson Borgal, Fred Webster, Ralph A. Rogers, Ted Neilson, Clayton Crane, Stephen Johnson, Harold Herron, Johnnie Souter, Tom MacRae, Graham Courtice, Jack Dixon, Wilbur Robertson, Gerald Wilson, Secord Tennant, Verne Gillespie, Dick Litch, Andrew Tilley, Frampton Price, Francis Symes, Newton Gillespie.

A man went into a Scotchman's drug store and ordered 15 cents worth of quinine. A second later the man screamed, "Help, I'm poisoned."

The Scotchman looked at the box and said—"You're right, it's strychnine—that'll be 10 cents extra. Pay me quick, laddie, it works fast."

KAPPA SIGMA BETA

Kappa Sigma Beta is an inter-scholastic fraternity throughout Canada, the head branch for Western Canada being in Calgary.

Beginning in Calgary in 1929 with a membership of six, it now consists of seven chapters, organized or being organized in the following centres: Olds, Calgary, Edmonton, Lethbridge, Regina, Saskatoon, Winnipeg. By the end of 1931 it is hoped that the fraternity will extend from coast to coast, with its membership well around the thousand mark.

Each fraternity has its membership limited to 20 active members, selected from fellows who have already finished High school or are in Grade XII. Besides this membership of 20 there is an additional group of between 15 to 20 pledges, selected from the various High schools in the locality. Conditions for these pledges are as follows:

1. He must be of good character and well liked around the collegiate.
2. He must obtain an average of at least 75 % on his next examinations.
3. He must attend school at least 90 % of the time.
4. He must have the intention of going to university.

Calgary chapter, number one, has for its objective the organization of an inter-scholastic dramatic league. Because of the present heavy High school course, it has been very difficult to interest school officials, but a time will come when dramatics will play an important part in the life of the High school students. In the meantime, steps are being taken to have composition teachers allot a certain amount of time to oral composition work, such as debates, five-minute talks, etc.

In closing we wish to thank the Editor of the Analecta for the space which he has so generously allotted us.

Bob Berkoff, President; Henry Gerlitz, Vice-President and Treasurer; Ross Impey, Secretary; Dick Anthony, Warden; Armand Hannay, Corresponding Secretary; Gordon Cushing, Keeper of the Log Book; Irl England, Bill Engle, Howard Graves, Sam Rutledge, Frank Newton, Adam Schmick, Don McLeod, George Mannerey, George Epstein, Berney Penny, Jimmy Gilhooly, Bert Ford, Arthur Warrenner.

A Shakespearean Letter

My dear "King John":

I hope the weather is "As You Like It." I met "Two Gentlemen from Virona" last week. Do you remember the time we went to visit the "Merry Wives of Windsor" and were caught in "The Tempest?" We have had several visitors here, among whom was "King Henry V," who has been telling us how "The Merchant of Venice" helped him with the "Taming of the Shrew." He also told us "A Winter's Tale." "Romeo and Juliet" have found out that "Love's Labor's Lost" when it is accompanied by "A Midsummer Night's Dream." There was a "Comedy of Errors" here last week when "Hamlet" took "King Lear's" grain "Measure for Measure" and there was "Much Ado About Nothing."

I remain, yours truly "MacBeth."



CAST OF THE PLAY "DUST IN THE EYES," STAGED BY THE STUDENTS OF CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

Reading from left to right—

BACK ROW—Cecil White, Albert Pallister, Allan Fraser.

CENTRE ROW—Arthur Warrenner, Hazel Wilkinson, Elizabeth Gump, Muriel Oliver, Margaret Cope, Douglas Motter, Jim Sloan, Llewellyn

Gardiner, Henry Valteau, Charles Tate.

FRONT ROW—Florence McCammon and Margaret Lister (sitting).

"LA POUDRE AUX YEUX"

Central High School displayed exceptional histrionic ability when on March 18th and 19th of 1930, various members of Grade XII produced the play "Dust in the Eyes" from the French comedy, "La Poudre Aux Yeux."

The action of the play is laid in Paris, 1861. Act I takes place in the drawing room of the home of Dr. and Madame Malingear; while Act II, two weeks later, is in the drawing room of the home of Monsieur and Madame Ratinois.

Miss Margaret Lister deserves special commendation for her perfect characterization of Madame Malingear, whose ambition was to rise socially. Her clearly modulated voice and her natural ease impressed all present.

Henry B. Valleau, as Dr. Malingear, created much mirth by his witty remarks in a futile attempt to silence his wife. Henry was just himself, and since he was so natural, he succeeded extremely well in impersonating a cool, collected, but not over-busy doctor.

Emmeline, the daughter of Dr. and Madame Malingear, was played by Miss Margaret Cope, who succeeded admirably well in depicting the girlish charm of the young French maiden, whose marriage was in the hands of her parents.

Douglas Motter was Fredrick Ratinois. He was sincerely in love with the charming Emmeline. The dignity and manners of Fredrick were superb and he presented an extremely gallant suitor.

Madame Ratinois was successfully staged in Florence McCammon. She was dazzled by the magnificence and social standing of the disguised Malingears, and accordingly did her best to live up to the Malingears.

Arthur Warrener, as Monsieur Ratinois, was splendid. He was also camouflaged by the position of the Malingears. Accordingly, in order to secure Emmeline for Fredrick, Ratinois did his wife's bidding and tried to out-do the Malingears. He succeeded admirably well in presenting a nervous and excited future father-in-law.

Miss Muriel Oliver, as Sophie, a servant of the Malingears, acted exceedingly well, producing a typical French market girl.

Alexandrine, Miss Elizabeth Gump; and Josephine, Miss Hazel Wilkinson, were two chic French maids who attended the Malingears' and Ratinois' respectively.

The tall, dark personage of Bert Pallister was footman for the Malingears, whereas Llewlyn Gardiner was a typical butler for the Ratinois'. Jim Sloan was the little negro boy, also in the services of the Ratinois.'

Allan Fraser, as upholsterer, played a very crafty part by helping to camouflage Monsieur Ratinois as Dr. Malingear's patient number 17.

Cecil White was a high-class caterer, and cleverly expressed his disgust for the social climbers by his side glances, sarcastic remarks and his indifference.

Charles Tate, as Uncle Robert a wood merchant, was decidedly good. He was the means of untangling the play and doing away with the "Poudre aux Yeux," and showing the Malingears' and Ratinois' in their true light as simple bourgeois people.

To the persons behind the screen, without which no cast, however good they may be, can operate, is due the most hearty thanks of the school. These include the director, Mr. Thorlakson, and stage manager, George Mores and his staff. Mr. Thorlakson has worked steadily with the cast. For the past month and a half Mr. Thorlakson and the cast have given up every spare minute of their time to the play, and there is no doubt but that these untiring efforts made the play such a tremendous success as it was.

Scarcely Anything

Judge—"Now, sir, please tell the court what passed between you and your wife during the quarrel."

Defendant—"A flatiron, a rolling pin, six plates and a kettle."

* * *

Small Brother—"I saw you kiss sis in your Ford roadster last night."

Suitor (hurriedly)—"S-sh! Here's a quarter."

Small Brother—"And here's 10 cents change. I only charge fellers with Packards a quarter."

* * *

"Some men smile in the evening,

Some men smile at dawn,

But the man worth while

Is the man who can smile

When his two front teeth are gone."

* * *

Very Clear

It was visiting day. One of the inmates imagined himself to be an artist, and was busily engaged in dabbling away at an empty canvas with a dry brush. A visitor, wishing to humor him, asked what the picture represented.

"That," said the nut, "is a picture of the Israelites being pursued through the Red Sea."

"Where is the sea?"

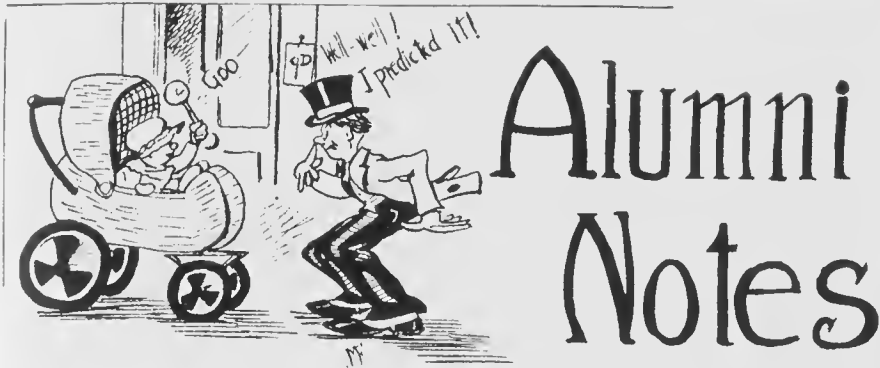
"Why, that's rolled back to allow the Israelites to pass."

"Where are the Israelites?"

"They've just gone by."

"Then where are their pursuers?"

"Oh, they'll be along in a minute."



Each year about a hundred students graduate from Central, and prepare to take their place in the world. They become scattered, nevertheless they do not lose interest in one another. Whenever they meet former class-mates they discuss former days. They say, "Wonder how C.C.I. is coming along these days? Why do they not form an Alumni?" Such an organization would enable them to keep in touch with one another and with the school.

So far, although efforts have been made to establish an Alumni, they have borne no fruit. Centralites, you do not want your class-mates to become mere memories. Let us make a concentrated effort and found a society which may link us together in lasting friendship. Students of C.C.I. let us have an Alumni!

* * *

The following letter shows what one ex-student of C.C.I. thinks about an Alumni:

The Editor, Alumni Dept., Analecta:

It is some few years since I graduated from C.C.I., and I think my feelings on the subject of an Alumni will be shared by those who graduated with me, as well as those before and after me.

You who are in Grade XII now will realize in June, when you take a last look around your class rooms, how very much you will miss the life you have had for the last four years. And a year from then, if you have not benefited by the organization of an Alumni, you will be wondering where half your old class-mates are. In two or three years they will become mere names in your memory.

Shall we allow this state of affairs to continue, students of C.C.I.? Or rather, shall we make our names remembered with everlasting gratitude by those who follow us, for having had the initiative to form an Alumni Club?

There are some spheres of life into which we fall after our school days are over, that more or less make hermits out of us. Mine is one. My work begins when other's ends; and when I am out, others are in, so that it is very difficult indeed to keep in touch with many of the old C.C.I. companions.

Single efforts in this direction are of little use. It is one united effort we need to keep us associated once we leave the classroom for the world.

Where is our initiative, Alumni?

Let us call a general meeting and muster as many ex-students as possible and begin some form of organization. Once begun, the rest is easy, for there are hundreds of us only waiting for a lead. Regular meetings, if only twice yearly, with social activities interspersed, would do much to strengthen the links of the chain binding us together—the chain which has its beginning in the letters C.C.I.

“Come all ye faithful!” Before the school year ends, let us have some action!—Dorothy Dudley Smith, Graduate of 1926.

The following 1929 graduates of C.C.I. are at Varsity in Edmonton:

Jack Bilton, Bula Mae Forcade, Marjory Foster, John Hilliker, Mary Joffe, Douglas McDermid, Jean Stevenson, Clayton Crane.

At Normal are:

Mary Cathro, Gertrude Flumerfelt, Marion MacKay, Jean Wonnacott, Marjorie Cavana, Georgia Dunlop, Margaret Sykes, Mary Wilson, Betty Landels, Gwen Morgan, Vera Bannerman, Jessie Beland, Joyce Davie, Alice Price, Secord Tennant, Ione Peterson, Vincent Allen, Isobel Law.

C.C.I. is represented at McGill by Edith Colley and Janet Learmouth.

The following are going to Commercial: Marjorie Aikenhead, Ted Sheffield, Ruth Heisler, Phyllis Holmes, Sarah James.

Those at Garbutt's:

Edna Jensen, Coy Miller, Margaret Moore, Pauline Parry, Margaret Frew.

Tom McPherson, Ivan Smith and Sherry Hayden are in the Bank of Commerce. Muriel Adams is in the Royal Bank. Charles Parker, too, is in a bank.

Onnolee Crane is at Shannon's. Jack Gillis with H. K. Reed & Co. Pete Gordon with Stobie Furlong. Gordon Lewis with D. S. Patterson and Co.

Ted Avison is studying Commerce and Finance at Toronto Varsity. Loretta Niven is at Hepburn's Business College. Bob Berkoff is with the Imperial Oil. Alice Dukelow is in the Children's Dept. of the Public Library. Willie Epstein is in the Alexander Cigar and News. Howard Ferguson is with the Williams Motors. Bill Herron is working for his father. Lyman Matthews is at Brock's. Max Shantz is at the Robin Hood Mills. Lois Hughes is working at Eaton's. James Murton is at Foulds & Boothes. Edith Ruttle is with the Sun Life Insurance.

Some are at home:

Howard Davidson, Sandy McPhedron, Laverne Quick, Dave Eagleson, James Freeman, Stuart Robertson.

Harry Kheong has gone to New York to study aviation.
Kathleen Wallace is teaching.
Betty Buckley is teaching music.
Mae Wintrobe is teaching in the Hebrew school.
Dorothy Cannon is nursing at the General Hospital.
Cyril and Ruth Walsh are in Saskatchewan.
Kathleen Pescod is going to Brandon College.
Charlie Payne is a salesman for the Pictorial Review.

To these people go our wishes for the best of success.

* * *

The following extract from a newspaper recounts the victories of two former Centralites:

"Two brothers from Canada, students at the U.S.A.C., journeyed to the state A.A.U. skating meet in Salt Lake City, Sunday, and came back with three of the four medals put up for competition.

"The brothers are Ted and Carl Neilson, and they have the Canuck love for skating. They made the best in the state meet bow their heads in the 220, 440 and 880 yard dashes, and hence are today state champions in those distances.

"The field was so large in the 220 dash that two trial heats were necessary. Ray Taylor, defending champion, won his bracket in :25, and Carl Neilson in his heat with :25 4-5. Neilson came back to cop the championship in :25 1-5. Ted also qualified in the preliminary with his brother, but failed to place in the final.

Carl again beat the defending champion, Taylor, in the 440. Although he had a slow start he caught the bunch at the first turn, and from then on his orange-striped sweater skimmed ahead of the gang to the tape. The time in this event was :54 2-5, two seconds slower than last year's record.

"Ted had a battle to cop the half mile, for at the start he was slowed down by two of the competitors who spilled in front of him. He jumped over the boys and began slowly eating up the distance between his position and the leaders. He made fourth position, and immediately after, at the third turn, was third. At this point again he was nearly eliminated when another competitor spilled, but he quickly picked his stride and grabbed the lead, never being headed. The time was 2:02."

Congratulations, boys!

And Such is Life

Mule in the back yard
 Lazy and slick,
 Boy with a pin
 On the end of a stick,
 Creeps up behind him
 Quiet as a mouse,
 Now there's crepe on the door
 Of the little boy's house.



JEAN LAWRENCE—A true C.C.I. product, and makes a dandy hold-up man (Rugby banquet). "For she's a jolly good fellow."

HAROLD THOM—Here we have another Yank. Harold's lusty squalls first aroused attention in Pullman, Washington, in 1911. Harold is good at skipping periods. In fact he is qualified to write a book on the subject.

ALBERT PALLISTER—Arrived in Winnipeg in 1913. He dropped Literature, History dropped him. Bert would like to write a book.

CECIL WHITE—Cecil occurred in Edmonton in 1912. Finally in 1925 he was accepted by the Calgary immigration agents. He hopes to become a great chemist.

OLIVE MICHENER — At C. C. I. only a few hours every day, and is kept busy while there, trying to talk to Thom and Cook at the same time.
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

FRANK FARROW Frank comes from a place called Killarney in Manitoba. He shrouds the events of his younger years with secrecy (we don't blame him). Maybe he has reformed, but these "two bit" shows will be the ruin of him.

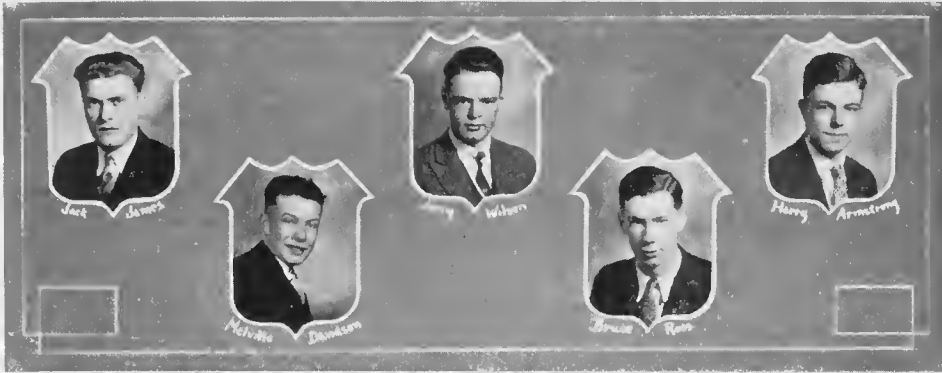
REG WHITAKER—Reg's chief ambition is to see how little homework he can do and get away with it—especially in Physics. Noted for his fistic encounters with Cook and Litch, besides his ever-ready laugh.

VERA CHRISTIE The one survivor of Central's fine school-spirited girls. Vera's a hit with everybody and this includes the advertisers. Who else could manage the advertising so well, we ask you?

BUN RUSSEL—Bun looks natural only when he has a beard and a pipe. Perhaps you'll recognize him, however. Loves to dance and chew a razorblade. Some boy!

WILBUR ROBERTSON—"Sheik" is a true Cagliarian. Arrived way back in 1909. He has been way back ever since. His one ambition is to travel vertically on skis behind a car at seventy.





JACK JAMES—Jack is a real wild Irishman. He was born in Ireland (he won't say where) in 1911. Maybe he still remembers some of the "Colleens." In 1922 he came to Calgary, and since then has become a permanent fixture at C.C.I.

MELVILLE DAVIDSON—Is another local product. Born 1912. (Died 1913). The odds are one hundred to one on his learning any Geometry, but he seems to be banking on the hundredth chance.

GERALD WILSON—Prominent in this list of celebrities, we have our Jerry—Editor of the Analecta. His high water mark is his position on the Analecta staff. Still, he must be a pretty poor editor to print this kind of stuff.

BRUCE ROSS—Such a quiet, retiring lad—at times. He hopes some day if Mr. Powell is patient enough, to acquire a few fundamental principles of Algebra.

HARRY ARMSTRONG — "Fuzzy" was born in Calgary in 1913. Entered C.C.I. Heaven alone knows when he will leave. "Fuzzy" is famous (perhaps we should say notorious) for his Latin translations.

CLARENCE OTTERBEIN—Clarence hails from Tacoma, Washington. (You all know KVI) in 1905. Came to Calgary in 1926. From the way he takes to Comp. (4) Clarence should become a noted author.

JACK WEINFELD — Jack made his debut in Montreal in 1912. Jack has spent his life doing nothing, and is now expert at the business. He has great executive ability—it was he who discovered Stuart Harris's possibilities as a homework agent.

PAULINE MILLAR — A Calgarian from away back. Favorite subject—Trig.; favorite pastime—Writing Chemistry tests.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

RAYMOND WILSON—Ray was born and brought up at Irricana. Came to Calgary in 1927, having heard great tales of C.C.I. all his life. Everyone interested in rugby knows the boy.

CHARLES TATE — This bright little boy first squalled in Winnipeg in 1910. Came to Calgary last year. His one sustaining hope is that sometime he might get more than 0 in a Geometry test.





JACK CAMERON Jack has been away from us for a couple of years, so he gets two biographies to make up for the missing one.

STUART HARRIS Is another Calgarian. Didn't arrive 'till 1914, but has never left. Stuart is a wholesale homework agent for XIII.

CLIVE NESBITT—Was born in Brooks, Alberta; came to Calgary in 1926. His secret desire is to acquire some really presentable sideburns.

ROBERT McFAUL—In 1911, the population of Provost was increased to the extent of one squalling infant, which became our noble "Speedy." His aim in life is to use a thin note-book in History and get away with it.

PHYLLIS BIRDSON -- Noted for her flowing tresses. Her highest ambition—to take the world by storm.

LAIMIE MACKIE—

"And her modest answer and graceful air show her wise and good."

CLIFFORD McARTHUR—Another import from B.C. Cliff was born in Vancouver (noted for its China-town) in 1912. Came to Calgary in 1918. The great desire of his life is to discover the art student who puts paper in his desk each day.

DAVID COUTTS—Originated in Calgary in 1912. His favorite expression is "Lend me your Latin." This is his last year in C.C.I.—at least he hopes so (poor deluded creature). Homework is so boring, donteha know.

DONALD JOLIN—First appeared in Calgary in 1913, but none of his early friends would recognize him now. His ambition is to know no physics and get away with it.

TOMMY SCRACE—Was born in St. Johns, Que., in 1911. He came to Calgary (perhaps a peace offering) in 1919. Tom is quite an adept at slipping out of detentions. Keen competition between Tom and Ralph Mitchell for next managership of Capitol Theatre.





FERGUS POOLE An event of 1913. Hails from Nelson, B.C. Was deported to Calgary hack in 1927. Spends each period copying homework for the next one.

ARCHIE McLEOD Archie is a true wanderer. He started his wanderings in Bothwell, Ont., in the year 1910 (A.D.). Archie is going to know some History some time. Says he may start to learn any time.

WELLESLEY MORTON Another native son. Wells is a crack shot. Won the Best-shot Badge last year. He hopes to win the King's prize at Bisley.

HERBERT AARON Was born in Calgary, 1913. Herhert would like to grow tall like Don Birnie, but he is a bit late starting.

EMILY AKINS Chief ambitions — To teach Algebra and learn Trig.
"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

QUEENIE NEWMAN — Favorite food—life-savers; favorite occupation—Avoiding Motter's daily invasions on her desk.
"The quiet mind is richer than the crown."

GUSTAV HEIMERS Comes from Negenborn, Germany, 1904. Completed most of his education in Germany. He attended a college at Lacombe last year. Then he came to C.C.I. to learn something. His favorite pastime is gumhling in oil.

DOUGLAS MOTTER—Douglas was born in Chicago in 1913. No wonder the city's broke. Moved to Calgary in 1919. He hopes, with much practice, to become a great actor.

HARTLEY JACKSON Is a native son, first saw the light of day in 1912. His main ambition is to make his hair lie down flat.

JIM COOK—Made his first bow at Lethbridge in 1912. Jim is remarkable for two things—his Willys-Knight and his inability to do homework. Is anxious to leave all memories of C.C.I. among his souvenirs.



BIOGRAPHIES OF XIIB GIRLS—(Cont'd)

Myrtle Myers—Seen for a few brief minutes every day.

XIIB merely a parking place for her books.

"Do you know I am a woman?
When I think I must speak."

Mary Turner—A quiet miss—but oh what eyes and dimples!

Chief aim is to have a seat of her own.

Muriel Oliver—Is a quiet, unassuming miss, but just the same she can take her part (School play). Muriel is taking two years in Grade XI, so we expect to hear from her next year.

Comp. Teacher—"Now then, class, I want you to remember always that a preposition is a poor part of speech to end a sentence with.

* * *

F. Symes—"What kind of a car have you got now, Frank?"

F. Price—"A wreck."

F.S.—"A wreck?"

F.P.—Yeah, everytime I go down town a dozen people ask me if I have reported the accident yet."

* * *

The Lost Ford

Seated one day at the engine,
I was weary, and tired, and bored,
And my fingers wandered idely
Over my old tin Ford.

I know not what I was doing,
Or what I was turning then,
But I started the old thing going,
And I never saw it again.

It rushed down the road at twilight,
And kicked up a cloud of soil,
Which fell on my tumbled being,
Mixed with a can full of oil.

It knocked down perplexed people,
It upset the Justice of Peace,
And rattled away to the country,
As if it were loathe to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost Ford so fine,
Which came from the factory of Henry,
And fled from that garage of mine.



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RUGBY

Although not so successful as last year, Central managed to retain the Senior Championship and put up a fight in the Intermediate and Junior divisions. The Intermediates failed to repeat their victory of last year, but nevertheless were well up in the running. The Juniors, however, were somewhat unfortunate, winning only two games.

SENIOR RUGBY

Soon after the opening of school the Senior Rugby squad was hard at work practising for the coming grid season. After some weeks of strenuous practice the team was ready for the opening game with Western Canada.

The Senior team wishes to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Price for his invaluable services as coach, and to express its appreciation for his and Mr. Woodman's unselfish sacrifice of time and effort in their behalf.

Central vs. Western Canada—11-0

In this, the first game of the season, Central hopelessly outclassed their old rivals, Western Canada. This game afforded no real test of Central's powers and ability. In the first quarter Longbotham went over for a touchdown which Ray Wilson converted. Longbotham again scored a touchdown in the third quarter, making the final score 11-0.

Central vs. Crescent Heights—22-0

This game was a walk away for Central and extremely one sided in play as well as in score. Central excelled in forward passing in which Ray Wilson and Ken Robertson were outstanding. Bob McFaul and Harold Thom also played well for C.C.I., while Ray Wilson kicked the converts.

Central vs. East Calgary—10-2

A large number of students from both schools in attendance at Hillhurst Park watched Central defeat East Calgary in a hard fought struggle.



The lighter Central team resorted to a brilliant system of forward passing to offset the great gains made by East Calgary's line plunging. Central scored one touchdown on a fumble and accounted for the remaining points by kicks to the deadline. Ray Wilson, Robertson and Nelson were outstanding for Central.

Central vs. Western Canada—16-0

Central again defeated Western Canada, this time drubbing them to the tune of 16-0. The game was featured by Central's fine exhibitions of the forward pass. Ray Wilson tossed 30 yards to Litch who caught the ball and made a further gain of 40 yards. Forward passes accounted for two of Central's touchdowns, while the third was obtained on a fumble. Longbotham, Robertson and Wilson all turned in good games, while Wilson kicked the converts. This victory put C.C.I. at the head of the league.

Central vs. East Calgary—7-8

A large body of students turned out from both schools to cheer their respective teams. Victory would give Central the championship, while defeat would necessitate a play off, consequently excitement was rife. The game was played on a slippery, muddy field, more favorable to East Calgary's weight than Central's open playing. Just as had been expected East Calgary made large gains by line plunging while Central could not get going. The first half ended with the scoring about equal. In the third quarter Jim Eagleson fell on a fumbled ball to gain a touchdown for C.C.I. Central's triumph was short lived, however, as Harrison went over for a

touch in the last quarter, making the score 8-7 in favor of East Calgary. Despite a desperate rally by means of a brilliant combination of forward passes, Central was unable to equalize. The score stood at 8-7 for East Calgary, making another game necessary to decide the championship.

Central vs. East Calgary—8-7

Before a large enthusiastic crowd Central won the title, effectively turning the tables on their rivals. Playing conditions were much more favorable to Central's system of attack. The line, too, was greatly improved and withstood East Calgary's bucks in fine shape. East Calgary found it harder to make yards by line plunging while Central was able to make large gains on forward passes. In the first quarter Central had the edge on the play, scoring 7 points. East Calgary rallied in the second quarter and scored 7 points to tie the score. The third quarter was hard fought and scoreless. In the last minute of the last quarter, however, Central broke the deadlock by scoring a rouge, thus clinching the game, and winning the title. All of Central's gains were preceded by successful forward passes. Longbotham, Wilson, Litch, McFaul, Nelson and Thom all played well, while the line held splendidly against the heavier East Calgary men.

* * *

BIOGRAPHIES OF SENIORS

- Ray Wilson**—Our kicking-forward-passing-halfback. His first year in rugby. Born in Irricana, Alberta. Watched the game from the sidelines until he got into Grade XII, but after the first game his only regret was that he hadn't started to play it in Grade IX.
- Dave Longbotham**—Halfback. His first year in rugby, also his first year at C.C.I., being handicapped by attending W.C.C. previously. Weighs 180 pounds in his stocking feet. Fast, heavy, and determined.
- Harold Thom**—Captain and quarterback. Always loved the game. First he played on the Junior team, next year on the Intermediate, then for two years on Senior. His experience and knowledge of the game was very valuable "in the pinches." Noted for making short forward passes.
- Frampton Price**—Centre. He couldn't help being a rugby player as it ran in the blood. Played on Crescent Heights Intermediate team in 1928, but came to C.C.I. this year. His "Dad" couldn't keep him off the team.
- Ken Robertson**—Watched his brother play until this year, then caught a place on the half line. Particularly noted for "push facing" Western Canada tacklers.
- Bob "Speedy" McFaul**—Halfback. Graduated from wing line to back field in mid-season. One of the few of the 1928 Seniors who was back again. Just naturally a rugby player, that's all.
- Homer Nelson**—Played everywhere and anywhere, equally efficient on wing line or half line. Particularly effective on secondary defense. One of the principal reasons why Harrison didn't know what to do.

- Dick Litch**—Outside wing. Played English rugby at the coast before he came to Calgary. Fast on his feet, the surest pair of hands in the team for catching passes. One of the reasons why the girls attend the games.
- Jim Eagleson**—Outside wing. Playing rugby is just second nature to Jim. His speed saved that crucial game. A sure and hard tackler.
- Jack Lawrence**—Inside wing. His second rugby year. Into every play. Specializes in bending over backwards on the goal line.
- Frank Tilly**—Middle wing. Another veteran of the '28 champions. Bore the brunt of the Harrison-Holmes bucking combination and completely cured these gentlemen of trying to make gains through the C.C.I. line.
- Jerry Wilson**—Inside wing. Another of the reasons why the other fellows couldn't gain through that C.C.I. line. Jerry is also a veteran of the '28 champs. Constant, steady and dependable.
- Andy Tilly**—Outside wing. Played one of the hardest positions of the team—substitute wing—had to be ready to jump into action at any minute, and he had to do a lot of it.
- George Turner**—Wing. Came up from Intermediates in middle of season. Missed some of early season practice. Always willing and should make his mark on the 1930 team.
- Fred Wood**—Inside wing. His first year in rugby. Faithful and willing. Will star on the 1930 squad.
- Wells Morton**—Halfback. Hurt his knee in the first game and was out of the game for over half of the season. Played a hard and steady game.
- Bob Pearson**—Middle wing. His freshman year in the game, but played like a veteran. Sure to be heard from during the coming years.
- Ian Keer**—Outside wing. Played a staunch game and protected his end of line well. Broke his collar bone while stopping Harrison.
- Bert Pallister**—Played nearly any position on the line except outside wing. Tallest man on the team. Played a hard game whenever he was on the field.

INTERMEDIATE RUGBY

The Intermediates, under Mr. Powell's expert coaching, again turned out a formidable team. Although they did not succeed in carrying off the trophy they gave the leaders a run for their money.

Central vs. Western Canada—7-6

This, the opening game of the season, was fairly even and hard fought all the way through. At the end of the first half the score stood at 5 all, George Wood scoring a touch for Central. In the third quarter Western

Canada had the edge in the play and increased their total by one point. In the last quarter, however, Central came back strong scoring two rouges, the latter, of which, scored just before the final whistle, won the game for Central.

Central vs. East Calgary—25-0

This game was a walk away for C.C.I., who were superior in every way to their opponents. In the first half Central scored 13 points. Russel and Bell each went over for a touch which Bell converted, while Wood kicked to the deadline for one point. The second half was a repetition of the first, Central scoring regularly.

Central vs. Crescent Heights—7-12

In a hard fought struggle Central went down to defeat before the red and blue. Both lines were solid and held well, the fight resolving into a duel between the opposing back fields. In the first three quarters Crescents obtained three points by kicking, and in the fourth further increased their lead by scoring a touch and convert for a gain of six points. In the last quarter Central rallied. Bell made a magnificent catch on a forward pass, which resulted later in a touchdown for Central. As if to crush any hopes of victory that Central might have had Crescents scored a fine field goal. Nevertheless Central fought gamely and scored a safety touch before the game ended. Turner, Russel, Wood and Flannigan all played well for Central.

Central vs. Western Canada—1-2

In their second encounter with Western Canada, Central took the small end of a 2-1 score. The game, as the score indicates, was very keenly contested. Both teams were so evenly matched that neither side were able to score on anything except kicks. In the second quarter Flannigan scored a rouge to obtain Central's only point. Western Canada, however, managed to tie the score and then draw ahead in the third and fourth quarters. In the closing minutes of the game Central staged a desperate comeback. Flannigan passed 20 yards to Bell and then to Cardell. Despite their brilliant use of the forward pass Central was unable to score before the final whistle.

* * *

BIOGRAPHIES OF PLAYERS

Bud Millican—Centre. A good snap and an excellent defensive player.

Jim Cook—Inside right. When a hole was needed Jim made it. A "Stone-wall Jackson" on defence.

Clive Nesbitt—Inside left. One of the team's mainstays, made the opposing line look like paper. A good kicker.

Jack Weinfield—Middle left. Good on both offensive and defensive play and always got his man.

Francis Symes—Outside wing. A really fine wing player, let very few opponents get past him. Always down under kicks.

Dan Flannigan—Outside wing. A good tackler and buckler. Threw the forward passes for the team.

"Bun" Russel—Halfback. Fine buckler,—will make a good Senior.

"Stew" Bell—Halfback. The team's drop kicker, also good at receiving forward passes.

Paul Cardell—Halfback. A good ball carrier, player and buckler.

Geo. Wood—Quarterback and captain. Played a brainy game at quarter, and handled his team well at all times.

Jim Suggitt—A good sub., and could fill any gap.

Ray Webster—Sub. Dependable and good in any place.

John Spencer—A sub. from whom big results are expected next year.

Norville Marks—Sub. Just learned the game, but will go big next year.

JUNIOR RUGBY

The Junior Rugby team this year was again coached by Mr. Churchill. Although they tried hard all the time, the Juniors were able to win only one game.

Central vs. St. Mary's—0-37

Playing St. Mary's in their opening game Central Juniors were badly outclassed. Many of Central's players were new to the game and playing for the first time. The Saints, however, were a fast and well balanced team and were never in danger throughout the game.

Central vs. Western Canada—0-6

The game with Western Canada was fairly even during the first half, no score being made by either side. In the third quarter, however, Western Canada scored a touchdown on a C.C.I. fumble. Again in the last quarter Western Canada scored, this time a kick to the deadline for one point. The final score was 6-0 in favor of Western Canada.

Central vs. Technical—10-6

This was Central's first victory. Two touchdowns were scored in the third quarter, both of which were preceded by forward passes. The Juniors' form seems to have improved since their last game. Parks and Doherty were outstanding for Central.

Central vs. Crescent Heights—1-27

In this game Central's line was continually broken and afforded no interference or protection for their backs. Crescents made large gains on end runs. The final score was 27-1 for the Crescents.

BIOGRAPHIES OF JUNIORS

"Herbie" Aaron—Quarterback. Has held down this position for two years, certainly knows his signals.

Nathan Morantz—Halfback. Threw the Juniors' forward passes.

- F. Bremen**—Halfback. Fast and always got through. His second year in rugby.
- F. Doherty**—Halfback. Hefty and a fine buckler.
- W. Whitely**—Halfback and captain. His first year at the game, but a good one.
- R. Ohleson**—Outside wing. The best tackler on the team, and always got his man.
- S. Harris**—Centre. A good snap, and tackled well.
- Ken McDermid**—Inside wing. A good linesman and defensive player.
- C. Parks**—Outside wing. Fast and a good wing player, but a trifle light.
- C. Withell**—Inside wing. Solid and performed well in the line.
- G. Hurst**—Middle wing. His first year in rugby. Played a good game.
- A. Booth**—Inside wing. Also played outside wing. His second year in Junior rugby.
- L. Dworkin**—Middle wing. A good linesman, has played for two years.

* * *

HOCKEY

At the date of writing owing to the lack of good ice it is impossible that all the games of the hockey schedule will be played. Central has made a good showing in those games that have been played, being runners up in the Junior and Senior divisions.

Senior Hockey

The Seniors played their opening game of the season with Western Canada College, their traditional rivals. Throughout the first period the play was about even with no scoring by either team. In the second period "Fram" Price scored to put Central in the lead, 1-0. However, Western Canada came back strong in the third period and managed to tie the score.

Central's line-up was as follows—Goal, Reg Whitaker; defence, Flannigan and Price; forwards, G. Turner, G. Wood, H. Armstrong; Subs., J. Weinfield and A. MacAdam.

The second scheduled game was postponed on account of poor ice.

In their third game Central was defeated by East Calgary, 2-0. Although Central fought hard they were forced to succumb to the superior weight and combination of the Easterners.

Intermediate Hockey

The Intermediates were more successful than the Seniors. They won their opening game with Commercial High, 3-2. In their second encounter they decisively downed Saint Mary's, the score being 5-1 in favor of Central. Meeting Western Canada in their third game Central vanquished their old rivals to the tune of 2-0.

Central, however, received a setback in their next game, at the hands of Crescent Heights. The blue and red downed the purple and gold 9-4.

After some delay, due to poor ice conditions, Central again met the Crescents, this time to decide the championship. Central was badly out-classed however, by the superior team-play and goal-keeping of their opponents. Crescent Heights won the game 6-1 and captured the Intermediate title.

Junior Hockey

This year's brand of Junior hockey was a great improvement over last year's. The Juniors won three games, tied one and lost one. Their single but fatal defeat was administered by Crescent Heights in a hard fought championship game.

Central played East Calgary in their first game. The score was a tie, 2-2, and although both sides tried hard they were unable to break the deadlock.

Their second game with Saint Mary's was more successful. The Saints were downed by the superior Central team, the score being 2-0 in favor of Central.

Defeating Technical High 2-1, the Juniors again advanced their position in the league. Central won the next scheduled game from Crescents by default.

In the last game of the season for the Juniors, Central met Crescent Heights in a sudden-death struggle to decide the championship. The contest was close and hard-fought all the way through. The two teams having battled to a scoreless deadlock it was decided to play overtime. In the overtime the Crescents managed to score two goals to win the game and thus annex the championship. Although they did not win the title the Juniors put up a splendid fight and were a real credit to Central.

RELAY SKATING TEAM

At the Calgary Skating Club Carnival, held on February 3rd, the Central boys' relay skating team took first place in the relay race for High schools. The team was composed of Geo. Wood, Jim Nesbitt, Geo. Turner, and Dan Flannigan. Central and Western Canada having defeated East Calgary and Crescent Heights respectively, were matched together in the final heat. Obtaining an early lead the Central team managed to retain its advantage and win the race. It is hoped that this event will be continued next year.

How To Tie a Bow Tie on a Tuxedo Collar

Hold the tie in your left hand and collar in your right. Slip your neck into the collar and run the left hand end of the tie over the right with the left hand. Then drop both ends, catching the left end with the right hand the right end with the left hand. Reverse hands and pick up the loose end with the nearest hand. Pull this end through the loop with the un-engaged hand and squeeze. This ties the bow. As a finishing touch disentangle the hands.

JUNIOR AND SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAMS



Back Row (reading from left to right)—Sheila Ritchie, Enid Taylor, Margaret Smith, J. W. Churchhill (coach), Chris Topley, Peggy Menzies, Betty Webb.
 Front Row—Cathrine Robertson, Margaret Haszard, Annie Cooper, Alta. Keyes, Hazel Wilkinson, Marjorie McRae.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Interscholastic Basketball

Once again C.C.I. entered the Basketball League in the Senior and Junior divisions. This year we were fortunate in having a very good turnout, and hence a considerable amount of material from which to pick the teams. The league games were upon us however before we had had much practice. As a result C.C.I. did not do so well in either division.

Senior Basketball

We sigh over the scores which other teams made over our Seniors. However they had all the advantages which we had not—a good gymnasium, an interested coach and steady practice. We had material for a good team, but without a gymnasium, practice and interested coach, the material remained raw. Perhaps in a few years the Senior team will be back to its old style. We are told that reform is slow. Buck up C.C.I. and make a Senior team,, not just a group of downtrodden players.

BIOGRAPHIES OF SENIORS

Christina Topley—Our star centre. "Chris" is an old hand at the game and can hold her own against any opponent.

Mary Lawson—A husky guard. Mary's defence proves disastrous to the other teams.

Margaret Smith—A very dependable player. "Smith" plays guard or centre equally well, and shows great team work.

Peggy Menzies—Our snappy little forward. "Pete" is a fast player and a fine shot.

Enid Taylor—Our other forward. Enid is a good shot and an asset to the team.

The Juniors substituted on the Senior team when required.

Junior Basketball

In the Junior division C.C.I. was linked with East Calgary and Mount Royal. We had hoped for the best from the Juniors, but unfortunately were disappointed.

The first game was with East Calgary. The girls went into the game determined to do their best. The struggle proved a hard one and half-time found C.C.I. in the short end of the score. The second half showed some improvement, and the result was a tie. This, however, encouraged the team for though we did not conquer we were not conquered.

The next game on schedule was with Mount Royal. Both teams worked hard, but the closing whistle found C.C.I. on top.

The return game with East Calgary ended rather disastrously for C.C.I. The team worked hard, but the superior coaching of the opponents became apparent. By the end of the first half C.C.I. was found wanting. By close guarding and hard playing in the second half the Easterners were kept from scoring, but C.C.I. failed to retaliate sufficiently to even up the score and was forced to accept defeat.

In the home game with Mount Royal the Juniors played their best game. Superior team work on their part proved too much for the opponents, who were vanquished by a wide margin.

On a challenge from Western Canada, C.C.I. played on their own floor. The game was close, but the Westerners won. The return challenge resulted more favorably for C.C.I., when we won 11-6.

BIOGRAPHIES OF JUNIORS

Betty Webb—Our star forward. Light on her feet and a crack shot.

Sheila Ritchie—Really a guard, but necessity forced her into the forward line, where she combined the two. A snappy little player.

Hazel Wilkinson—Captain of the Juniors for two successive years. She plays centre well and keeps the team together. She also acted as a sub. on the Senior team.

Alice Neilson—Our dependable guard. She worked hard in all the games, and sure can treat 'em rough.

Cathrine Robertson—Guard. A real scrapper. She uses her weight to advantage and usually comes out on top.

Alta. Keys, Annie Cooper, Marjorie McRae, Margaret Haszard—Substitutes. All very dependable players and should develop into the real stuff with practice.

THE TRACK MEET

The annual Field and Track Meet, held on May 31st last, was undoubtedly a success, but not from the point of view of C.C.I. The showing made by this school was disappointing, for although we were second only to Crescent Heights, between their total of ninety-one points and ours of only fifty-one and a half there lies a wide margin for improvement which must be spanned before the old school can ever hope to regain her former supremacy in athletics.

The exclusion of Grade IX boys from C.C.I. last year was probably responsible for the unfortunate result of only three points in "A" class. Two of these points were won by N. Moriarity, when he came third in both the seventy-five yards dash, and the eight-pound shot put. The third point was won by the C.C.I. relay team, which finished fourth. East Calgary dominated this class, winning the St. Eloi Shield with a total of twenty-four points.

This disappointing result for Central was somewhat compensated for by the excellent showing made in "B" class, where something was gained in every one of the six events. Credit for half of these go to Stewart Bell, who distinguished himself by setting new records for both the standing broad, and the high jump. In the former he covered a distance of 8 ft. 9 in., exceeding the previous record by $3\frac{3}{4}$ in. In the latter he cleared the bar at 5 ft. $2\frac{1}{4}$ in., beating the record established by Ian Macaulay of Central in 1926. He also came second with the eight-pound shot put. Mills Sheldon finished second in the second heat of the seventy-five yards

dash, and first in the final heat. Another record was broken when T. Scrace won the six hundred and sixty yards run in one minute and 2-5 seconds. The team representing C.C.I. finished second in the relay race. Crescent Heights won the Paschendale Shield for the championship of this class, with only one point more than Central.

J. Eagleson was the only one from this school who figured among the winners in "C" class events. He was fourth in the running broad jump, and third in the "hop, step and jump," the twelve-pound shot put, and the second heat of the hundred yards dash. No one from Central was among the winners of the six hundred and sixty yards run, but our relay team finished fourth. For this brilliant exhibition of athletic prowess C.C.I. was awarded the sum of six points. Crescent Heights again led with thirty-four points, thereby winning the St. Julien's Shield.

In "D" class the results are more cheering. Here C.C.I. really asserted itself, quite overwhelming South Calgary, the next highest. P. Gordon tied with Ware of East Calgary for third place in the running broad jump. The high jump record, set by Smith of Crescent Heights last year, was broken when Max Shantz of Central cleared the bar at 5 ft. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. J. Burland led the twelve-pound shot put, when he sent the shot for a ride of 35 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. P. Gordon came fourth. In the hundred yards dash, J. Hilliker came third in the first heat, while W. Robertson led the second. Robertson also finished second in the half mile run. C.C.I.'s relay team, composed of W. Robertson, P. Gordon, H. Keong and J. Hilliker, came first, giving C.C.I. a total of twenty-three and a half points and the Vimy Ridge Shield to grace the cupboard in the hall, and proclaim to all and sundry that we won one class championship out of four.

It may be observed that of the eight records broken at this meet (which in itself constitutes a record), four were broken by representatives of C.C.I. two of them by Stewart Bell, and one each by Max Shantz and Tom Scrace.

But this merely serves to illustrate a point which is evident from an examination of these results, that the credit for winning this school second place may be given to about three or four individuals, who by their repeated wins, won the necessary number of points. In all, not more than eleven different names figure. This may be partly explained by the lack of interest accorded this event, not by those who participate in it, but by the school as a whole. The track meet should receive as much interest and attention as rugby. When it was held in the fall, it was subordinate in interest to rugby, but now that it takes place in the spring, there are no other High school athletics to detract from the interest which it should receive, and the casualness with which it is regarded by most of the students of C.C.I. must be attributed to sheer lack of interest, which is largely responsible for the poor showing made by this school, in comparison with what it should and can do.

The other reason for our failure to distinguish ourselves may be attributed to lack of systematic training of the entrants in this event. Hitherto eliminations have not taken place until just a few days before the meet. No fellow is going into rigid training unless he is reasonably sure of being chosen. Slovenly training is the result of not choosing the candidates earlier. To remedy this, it has been suggested that eliminations take place at least two weeks before the date of the meet, and the last fortnight or so be spent in rigid training of those who are actually to represent the school at the meet.

Calgary High School Cadet Team at the D.C.R.A., Ottawa, Aug., 1929



Back Row—(Left to right)—H. Thom (C.C.I.), M. Shantz (C.C.I.), Capt. H. H. Ferguson, H. Nelson (C.C.I.), I. Ho Lem (E.C.H.S.).
Front Row (Left to right)—C. Ho Lem (E.C.H.S.), G. Warrener (C.C.I.), G. Hirst (E.C.H.S.).
Trophies—Victoria Rifles Cup, Sir Charles Cheers, Wakefield Trophy, C.R.L. Junior Shield.

This change is easily arranged, but it rests with the school as a whole, and with every individual member of the student body, to stimulate the interest necessary, before C.C.I. can regain and hold her old position of supremacy among the High schools of this city.

—C.W.W.

CADET NEWS—1929-30

Owing to there being no Grade IX boys at the school the Cadet Corps was not so large in numbers as usual, but the three platoons made a very presentable appearance at the inspection in May, the leaders receiving special commendation from Major Miller, the Inspecting Officer. The school has always been handicapped as far as Cadet and Physical Training indoor facilities are concerned, and unless there is better accommodation arranged for in the future, they will always suffer in this way, especially in bad weather.

However the Central High School Cadets still live up to the splendid shooting record of nearly 20 years standing, during which time some remarkable scores and records have been made. On one occasion (1914) no less than eight Central High School boys won places on a Canadian team of 12 boys who visited England, and incidentally won nine trophies amongst them during the trip.

Dominion Marksmen's Club, 1929-30

- 1 Special medal—M. Shantz; 1 Gold ring—M. Shantz.
- 12 Gold pins—C. Hood, C. McArthur, R. McKay, C. Wright, E. McQuarrie, K. Robertson, S. Harris, R. Horner, W. Millican, J. Harley, H. Armstrong, I. Keer.
- 10 Silver pins—P. Cardell, R. Horner, V. Jacques, I. Keer, R. Ohlson, J. Nesbitt, J. Gordon, G. Wood, D. Longbotham, L. Burkell.
- 27 Bronze pins—J. Nesbitt, R. Webster, J. Kolb, J. Gordon, D. Longbotham, T. May, C. Pullan, B. Swingle, H. Sheinin, J. Rees, R. Walker, G. Walker, F. Brink, W. Tangye, F. Price, R. Pearson, S. Crerar, W. Hicks, D. Cernington, G. Cooper, E. Beach, F. Cowell, K. Fletcher, W. Fraser, J. Houston, K. James, J. McNab, B. Martin.

Best Shot Badges—

Senior—M. Shantz; Junior—W. Morton.

On the Open Range at Sarcee Camp—Canadian Rifle League—One, two and five hundred yards—

First Class prize—M. Shantz, A. Warrenner, H. Nelson and W. Morton.

Second Class prize—H. Thom, R. Berkoff, S. Bell, P. Morton, R. McFaul, I. Keer, H. Armstrong, F. Brink, and R. Horner.

Alberta Provincial Meet—

Central High School boys shot well during this meet. The team, consisting of A. Warrenner, M. Shantz, H. Nelson, H. Thom and W. Morton, won the "Martin" trophy, and took second prize in the "Armstrong" match.

Arthur Warrener won two medals and got a place in the prize list of every match, and also won his place on the Alberta team for Ottawa. Other boys who got into the prize lists were—M. Shantz, H. Nelson, H. Thom, W. Morton, S. Bell, H. Armstrong, and K. Robertson.

Lord Roberts Match (Special)—

A team of Central High School boys—Warrener, Shantz, Nelson and Thom fired in the above match, which is held under special conditions, and while they did not win, it is well worth mentioning that in 1913, the last time this trophy was competed for, no less than six Central High School boys were on a Canadian team of Cadets who won this trophy for Canada at Ottawa. Their names were—Dalton McWilliams, Jack Fraser, Orley Loudon, D. McKenzie, Charlie Gratz and Jack Comer, with Bill Baker acting as leader.

At the Ontario and Dominion Rifle Meets, last August—

At Toronto — All the Calgary High School Cadets shot well, Max Shantz especially, who won prizes in every match and actually tied for second place in one match where there were over 300 competitors.

At Ottawa the following week, the Calgary Cadets made the best showing by a Cadet team for many years. Arthur Warrener distinguished himself on several occasions, but once in particular when in a "shoot off" between a Hamilton Cadet and himself, who had made the same score of 211 for the Sir Charles Wakefield trophy, they tied a second time, but Arthur made sure of it by plunking in a bull's eye to settle it. The team also won first place in the Gyro Aggregate and was awarded the Victoria Rifle trophy, also second place in the Cadets match, second place for the United Empire trophy, and third place in another match. Arthur won a place in every prize list and also made the highest average for all matches among the Alberta team.

There were seven Calgary Cadets on this trip—Warrener, Shantz, Nelson and Thom, from Central High School, together with G. Hirst, Charlie and Jack Ho Lem from East Calgary High School. Charlie Ho Lem, the youngest member of the team and one of the youngest of over 500 competitors, also won special honors by being placed in second place in the Borden rapid fire match.

Signalling Certificates were won by—R. F. Ohlson, Advanced; N. S. Harris, Morse; J. J. Hughes, Morse; R. F. Newstead, Morse; R. G. Walker, Morse; F. M. Brink, Semaphore; W. J. Hicks, Semaphore; G. T. May, Semaphore; B. C. Morton, Semaphore; B. Swingle, Semaphore.

Imperial Challenge Competition—The following boys won Badges in the above competition—H. Nelson, W. Morton, G. Courtice, J. Burland, P. Morton, C. Wright, A. Warrener, M. Shantz, R. Berkoff, A. McPhedran, R. Mackay, J. Watson, A. Devitt, V. Jacques, W. Millican, E. McQuarrie, G. Webster, S. Harris, J. Kerr, G. Moores, C. Hood, G. Wood, W. Whitley, G. Jarrabee.

INDOOR RIFLE SHOOTING

CANADIAN RIFLE LEAGUE

January, February and March, 1930

Senior—First Class Badges—

A. Warrener 294, C. Wright 293.

Second Class Badges—

W. Morton 290, H. Nelson 289, J. Burland 289, D. Dawson 288, P. Morton 285, H. Thom 285, S. Bell 284, D. Coutts 284, P. Robinson 283, J. Watson 279, I. Keer 279, D. Nelson 276, L. McInnis 273, G. Wood 273, W. Millican 273, J. Harley 273, H. Armstrong 272.

Junior—First Class Badges—

G. Webster 285, J. Gordon 280.

Second Class Badges—

R. Horner 278, D. Flannigan 275, W. Hicks 271, L. Burkell 271, H. Sheinin 271, S. Harris 271, C. Pullan 270, J. Nesbitt 265, R. Ohlson 263, F. Brink 261, G. Walker 260, R. Walker 259, J. Kolb 259, J. M. Nab 255.

Harry—"When you dreamt that your watch was stolen, and got up to look, was it gone?"

Gordon—"No. But it was going."

* * *

"So you met Alice today."

"Yes, I hadn't seen her for ten years."

"Has she kept her girlish figure?"

"Kept it? She's doubled it!"

* * *

A Tru Storie

There once was a girl in XIII A,
Who resolved to play hookey one day,
She tried out this plan,
But that bad teacher man,
Felt grieved, and demanded she stay.

* * *

He kissed her on the forehead
In spite of her appeals.
She met him on the morrow,
But she wore higher heels.

* * *

Aesop's fly sat on the axle of a chariot and said: "Good Lord! What a dust do I raise!"

XIA BIOGRAPHIES

Jack Macaulay—

When a History question the rest of us beats,
The teacher Jack's answer eagerly greets.

Bert Howard—

Bert is the young fellow who drives a big car
And outclasses us all in "Dosia" by far.

Kirk Fletcher—

He draws countless pictures of cars for us,
But we have never yet seen him driving a bus.

Edward Beach—

Beach is a long and lonely good natured chap
Who, at the jokes played on him, is ready to clap.

John Howden—

XIA's progressive tiller of the soil;
Famous for his Latin and burning the midnight oil.

Tom Rutherford—

Our artist Tom has such an innocent face,
But his mischievous pranks will yet lead to disgrace.

Norvil Marks—

He's not very bright,
But watch him fight.

Gerald Stuart—

Is a brainy lad;
He never does his homework, and makes the teachers mad.

George Wood—

Do not weep my classmates, dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here.

Gertrude Ridgeway—

A tiny maid of flaxen hair.
Chief ambition—to get her History done several days beforehand.
and to be an aviatrix.

Eunice May—

A modest little lady whose chief ambition is to get 101 in French.

Bob Doherty of History fame—

Even the Doctor knows his name.
At Latin, too, he's not so hot,
But in anything else he's got a lot.

Annie Ross—

Always at her studies!
Annie never shirks,
And with Lorschbach cross the aisle.
Our Annie (never) ? flirts.

Eileen Rushworth is her name.

Teacher is her ambition.

Nathan Morantz—Born in Denver, Colorado. Transported to Calgary in 1926. Keeps up the morale of our room with his humorous magazines.

George Mores—

The answer to a maiden's prayer!
We wonder where he gets his wave.

- Eddie Jameson**—Noted for his ability to pilot a Ford and consume Baker's Trigonometric philosophy. Pet saying, "Egad! Fortesque—How cometh I hither from whither?"
- John McNeill**—
Here's to "Mac," a canny Scot,
Red faced, Blushing—Wow, he's hot.
- Newt. "Packard" Gillespie**—
So small, and yet so cute;
Red headed. You said it—He's a beaut.
- "Bun" Russel**—
Unshaved—of rugby fame,
Catching detentions is his game.
- Allan Baker**—
Thinks he's wise,
Writing poems about other guys.
- Douglas Dawson**—
The Geography expert, who sits next the door;
If you give him a spare he hollers for more.
- Ronald Horner**—
The silent youth who sits behind Dougie;
His aim is to trade off his Nash for a buggy.
- George Whitehead**—
Our George is equally carefree and gay;
We wonder why he's so often away.
- Charlie Simpson**—
The boy who seldom keeps his own seat,
And thinks it quite human to "turn on the heat."
- Gordon Webster**—
Young Mr. Webster is tall and slim;
He attacks his oral lamp with a great deal of vim.
- Francis Northcott**—
His ambition is nothing at all,
But he wants to have twenty-two credits by fall.
- Arnold Bartlett**—
The master-mind of XIA;
He believes in work, and a little play.
- Harry Loresbach**—
Arithmetic can make most everyone stall,
But Loresbach wears glasses and sees through it all.
- Lucien Dwarkin**—A car designer of repute. Also famous for his prowess with an elastic.
- Jakey Bulshin** is his name;
Pollez Francais is his flame.
- Jack Kolb**—
We are hopin' him to meet;
We shout in glee, "When do we eat?"
- Pauline Pennell**—
Pauline's never heard to boast;
Her voice we seldom hear;
But quiet folk oft know the most,
Her qualities are clear.

Charlotte Millican—Industrious, studious, and what not?

Lillian Nager—A quiet tongue showeth a wise mind.

Christine Jackson—Quiet and pensive, but to her work attentive.

Ardys Allan—Only ambition is to rest her feet on the floor while sitting on a chair.

Sam Epstein—

Sammy Epstein is a bright lad;
He speaks in Hebrew when he's mad.

Francais Dippie—

Never a word from her we hear,
But Loresbach tells us she's a dear.

Carl Davidson—

Sits at the back;
He can usually make a good wise crack.

Ken McCoig—

A little lad from Edmonton.
Which schools are best? Ask Ken.

Freda Waterman—

She and Eileen are inseparable,
Except for the length of our room.

Eileen Rushworth—

Freda's sidekick.
Ambition—To be a music teacher.

Gordon Cooper—

Our Kappa Kappa Tau member.
Ambition—To get biographies from every one in the room.

XIB BIOGRAPHIES

Jimmy Eagleson—Famed in sports, but not in love.

Bill Whitely—Captain of the Juniors—"nuf sed."

Wilbert Webb—The silent partner.

Leslie Lawrence—The missing link.

Gordon MacKenzie—The worst half is in XIB, the other half is in XID.

Harry Thorpe—Another Grade XII student that leaves his books in XIB.

Allan Landels—Why doesn't he broadcast those conversations with Edith Braden?

Ralph Grant—His motto: "Let me slumber in peace."

Bob Spooner—His dreams will come true when we have school in automobiles.

Ian Keer—Look on this chap, ye students, and despair!

Allan Dixon—A boy of peculiar attainments—so he tells us.

Ralph Mitcheltree—It took him five months to get into XIB—but he may make up for the time.

Jack Cameron—What won't come into XIB?

Jean Bruce Anderson—A bra' Scotch lass, who has just lately taken to playing the bagpipes.

Agnes Brown—A petite and peppy young miss with a sense of humour.

Dora Bourne—Dora is making up for what she lost, before coming to C.C.I.—We are all feeling the effect.

Vivian Brower—"I chatter, chatter" The teachers have a hard time keeping Vivian quiet.

Mary Dickson—Her father's daughter—Need more be said?

Rosalie Reed—Rosalie is usually seen, but seldom heard.

Edith Braden—Has won her friends—especially the one who comes in for History—by her charming smile.

Alice Rabbidon—One of the reasons why teachers stay sane—A more sedate miss it would be hard to find.

Julia Quigley—Noted for her glowing tresses and her ability to draw.

Ruth McKay—Is usually seen broadcasting—but it's not all hot air.

Jacqueline North—A merry miss, with a merry smile.

Margaret Davie—Motto : Better late than never. She has a hard time getting to school on time.

Esiline McIvor—Uses XIB as a parking space—but is welcome in more ways than one.

Flora MacDonald—"Our Flora" believes in having a good time, any-time, anywhere, anyhow.

Margaret Macguire—An Irish miss with an engaging personality.

Eileen Nyblett—Has troubles like the rest of us, but is seldom heard to speak.

Lucille Rankin—Is tall and most divinely fair.

Lola Harris—One of our ablest champions in Chemistry.

Kathaline Snyder—A demure miss, with a shy smile.

Jessie Green—Her chief ambition is to have her Geometry done.

Emma Faudry—Has a decided weakness for coming in just before the second bell.

Georgina Andrews—We wonder—we really wonder how she does it.

Dorothy Metcalf—Was the cause of a solution, of what had formerly been a deep mystery.

Jean MacLean—Just like most women, only more so.

Helen Rowan—If a quiet tongue showeth a wise mind—Helen should be wiser than the majority of us.

Frances Thorssen—Is another of the "parking squad"—known by the company she keeps.

Phyllis Reid—Truly the ways of the wise are funny.

Jean Bridger—The only time we hear Jean lamenting is after four, for her "sins" of the day.

Betty Pescod—"My aim is to please"—Ask the boys.

Audrey Snyder—So quiet, we often wonder if she's here; but she is.

Helen Fearman—A vivacious young miss, well versed in the wiles of women.

BIOGRAPHIES OF XIC

- Jack Ferguson**—A rugged young laddie—Often heard to say : “I dunno. Maybe I can, I’ll ask Margaret.”
- Dobbie Snyder**—Believes good things are done up in small bundles. Noted for his ability at snooker.
- Gertrude Thorne**—“And fair is she and beautiful.”
- John Spencer**—Has the place of advantage behind Pat—also plays rugby.
- K. Vandermark**—XIC’s brainstorm. “But teacher, I didn’t tell him.”
- George Wright**—Owes much of his popularity to his ability to translate French. George says : “It pays to be modest.”
- Francis Symes**—Just recently acquired his first long pants. Often says : “Parts of it are naturally curly.”
- Margaret Rowan**—Keeps Francis company. “A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence.”
- Dorothea Dove**—Is headed for Hollywood. “Her smile chases the gloom away.”
- Earl Balfour**—Just a tiny mite trying to get a head.
- Doug. Marles**—Loves broken bones and nurses. I remember one day when he did his own arithmetic.
- Harrison Heisler**—C.C.I.’s born athlete—also XIC’s gum-chewing champ.
- Doris Larmour**—Edith’s sidekick. Has a weakness for Latin and —.
- Rosetta Kirby**—Sometimes says : “Aw I won’t waste time doin’ that for nobody.” Adores “Sesame and Lilies.”
- Ethel Hyde**—Another bright spot in XIC. “Her voice was ever low, gentle and soft.”
- Edith Alberta Watters**—Insists on sticking pins in Tilley. “And in her cheeks the dimples chase each other out and in.”
- John Wallace**—Adores John Gilbert. Still persists in having a little soup-strainer.
- “Big” Bertha McLeod**—Thinks peanut butter is made by feeding cows peanuts; otherwise she’s all “O.K.”
- Linda Buckingham**—Says : “It’s all in the blend.” Her advice in Comp. is invaluable.
- Gladys Young**—“’Twere better for her country that she should live abroad.” Is seldom seen facing the front.
- Virginia Genther**—Says she’s “Never better than late.” She and Gladys are inseparable.
- Jean Ackland**—Noted for her silent sneezes and her ability to tickle the ivories.
- Grace Ackland**—Takes turns with her sister at staying away. We don’t know whether she is Jean’s twin or not.
- Freda Spooner**—She has two eyes so bright and brown. Take care—She gives a side glance and looks down. Beware!
- Alice Neilson**—Work and worry have killed lots of good girls, so why should I take a chance? Ask Francis.
- Dorothy Pfefferle**—A silent little lassie in a big coat. Appears lonesome without her big brother.

- Ida Tennant**—XIC's big push. Fond of detentions. "Gee kid! How keen."
- Jean Fettes**—Once in a while says : "Ah! She was fair, exceeding fair to behold."
- Helen Skene**—"Her hair is spun sunshine, and her eyes of Heaven's blue."
- Dorothy Proverbs**—XIC's absentee landlord. "Charity, meekness, love and hope and forgiveness and patience."
- Vivian Kepler**—Once in a long while she is seen around XIC. "Seldom seen and never heard."
- Francis Coyle**—Harrison's nearest competitor for the gum-chewing champ. Favorite saying : "I'm so ticklish."
- Elsie Ohlson**—XIC's representative from Scandihooovia. "How's my kiss-curl?"
- Eunice Shaw**—"And the golden hair hung down her back." "Please, Mr. — I know the answer."
- Thelma Bartle**—Edison is rather clever, too.
- Dorothy Hoffern**—Often seen walking with a red sweater, a hot marcel and —George G.
- Betty Borrowman**—"She's a little prairie flower, growing wilder every hour."
- Maxine Locke**—Says : "Elaine has nothing on me."
- Maxine Hyde**—Believes "Patience is a virtue."
- Frank Tilley**—A recent graduate of kindergarten, and although he still shows the effects, XIC couldn't get along without him.
- Jack Crooks**—Still reading books on "How to get a Magnetic Personality in five days."
- Patsy Ruth Miller** (pardon us) **Wonnacott**—Noted for her wink, and "Yay, that's nifty."

THE XIC LIBRARY

- Linda Buckingham—"The Lady of the Mouse."
- Gladys Young—"The Chatterbox."
- Virginia Genter—"Runaway Sardine."
- Jean Ackland—"Strong as Death."
- Grace Ackland—"As You Like It."
- Helen Skene—"Bright Intervals."
- Jean Fettes—"A Stranger in Paradise."
- Freda Spooner—"Daughter of Don Juna."
- Audrey Pescod—"Adventure of Youth."
- Frances Coyle—"Go As You Please."
- Vivian Kepler—"Farewell to Paradise."
- Dorothea Dove—"Trout Ina Mystery."
- Dorothy Proverbs—"The Misbehaviorist."
- Ida Tennant—"Waiting for Daylight."
- Dorothy Pefferle—"The Conquest of Illusion."
- Alice Neilson—"The Divine Lady."
- Elsie Ohlson—"Collecting Antiques."

Eunice Shaw—"Behind the Beyond."
 Maxine Hyde—"A Girl of the Limberlost."
 Thelma Bartle—"Paradise Mystery."
 Dorothy Haffern—"The Flirt."
 Betty Borrowman—"Taking Chances."
 Maxine Locke—"Lilymaid of Astolat."
 Bertha MacLeod—"The Trees of Knowledge."
 Edith Watters—"What'll You Do When You Grow Up?"
 Frank Tilley—"You Make Your Own Luck."
 Ethel Hyde—"The Secret of the Flames."
 Rosetta Kirby—"Grey Maiden."
 Doris Larmour—"How to Argue and Win."
 Harrison Heisler—"Half Devil, Half Tiger."
 Douglas Marles—"Sarah's Husband."
 Earl Balfour—"Youth and Life."
 Margaret Rowan—"The Devil's Drum."
 Francis Symes—"Youth Rides Out."
 George Wright—"The Amateur Gentleman."
 Jack Crooks—"Hero of Our Time."
 Katherine Vandermark—"The Divine Gift."
 John Wallace—"The Prince of Somebody."
 John Spencer—"Hero in Exile."
 Pat Wonnacott—"The Old Curiosity Shop."
 Gertrude Thorne—"Her Knight Comes Riding."
 Dobie Snyder—"Little Caesar."
 Jack Ferguson—"Coin of Life."
 XIC—"The Room with a View."

Gladys Young—XIC.

XID

William Weaver—(Baby) is his name. Ponoka is his destination,
 He goes to school to act like a fool
 And get his education.
 Alex Mason—Slumber is more sweet than toil.
 John Watson—If hot air was expensive—Johnny would be rich.
 Ken Robertson—From when a boy he plied his trade,
 Till on his life detentions laid.
 Stuart Bell (Stew)—And in the room when detentions drew near
 A hockey game to him brought cheer.
 Jean Turner and Helen Mayhew—Late again—I'll have you stay,
 Says Room Teacher to them each day.
 Douglas Lansley—A weary lot is thine, my lad; a weary lot is thine
 As you came bravely charging in at twenty after nine.
 George Turner—Present detentions are less trouble than the results of
 skipping them.
 Ken Boucher—His voice was ever soft, gentle and low;
 An excellent thing for a man you know.
 Aubrey Booth (Red)—Full we laughed with genuine glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.

- Helene Johnson (Cutie)**—Carl smiles to see her free of care,
His hard heart loves her unaware.
- Clarence Borgal**—I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For teachers may come and teachers may go,
But I talk on forever.
- Marjorie Wallace**—There is a soft and pleasant grace,
A cast of thought upon her face.
- Douglas Nelson**—The teachers and pupils all think he is sleeping.
What will we do, now he's taking a rest
For he sure is the brains of our class.
- Grant MacKenzie**—Gone to be married—gone to swear a peace.
- J. Harley**—Breathes there a man with soul so dead.
- Jim Suggit**—Ye Gods withhold your vengeance
Upon this erring youth—He tried to better a teacher's explanation
And got into the coop.
- John Watson**—The vagabond lover of XID.
- Jim Laidlaw**—Plain as his name—the honest lad
Gained no great fame for his school,
But played with all the strength he had,
And sometimes played the fool.
- Roland Beard**—Many things surely does he know
But about them we never hear him crow.
- L. McInnes**—But his heart was the heart of a knight
So they say, who saw him fight.
- Fred Wood**—Did his lessons like the rest,
Often didn't work his best.
- Harold Darling**—He is the darling of our class,
And sure can act the part.
- Eileen Moore**—French and History are her toys,
But what would she do without the boys.
- Paul Cardel**—Author of a new French Grammar
And a simpler History book.
- Ralph Jamieson**—A new pupil at our school,
And sure knows how to act the fool.
- H. Topley (Fat)**—The steam that blows the whistle
Never turns the wheel.
- A. Bravenor**—If silence was golden—he would be poor.
- J. Kemmish**—Brainy and good—does just as he should.
- Eileen Herridge**—How she can play Badminton.
- Muriel Borgal**—Doesn't talk often, but when she does ? ? ?
- Mamie Thompson**—Our Justice of the Peace.
- Muriel Hurst**—Flaming youth.
- Annetta Clarke**—Drives her roadster like nobody's business.
- Eugene Findlay**—Always lending homework to Kemish.
- Katherine Elliot**—XID's candy department.
- Emily MacLeod**—Geog. magnate.
- Jennie McMahon**—Always tries to please the teachers.
- Sylvia Lewis**—Quick and unconcerned.
- Helen Hines**—Every day in every way she's growing taller and taller.
- Pearl Lee**—She knows her History.
- Enid Taylor**—Gentlemen prefer blondes.



EXCHANGES

Each year our Exchange Column has been increasing. This year we have received over twice as many books and papers. We have been promised books from Collegiate and Vocational Institute (Oshawa, Ont.), Daniel McIntyre Collegiate (Winnipeg, Man.), Alameda High School (Alameda, Cal.), Garneau High School (Edmonton, Alta.), Upper Canada College (Toronto, Ont.), Stamford High School (Niagara Falls, Ont.), Sherbrooke High School (Sherbrooke, Que.), Piedmont High School (Piedmont, Cal.), Ontario Agricultural College (Guelph, Ont.), Brandon College (Brandon, Man.), and The University of British Columbia (Vancouver, B.C.).

Among the magazines which we have received are:

Acta Nostra—G.C.V.I., Guelph, Ont.—An attractive cover enclosing an exceptionally well-organized book. Your cartoons, cuts and literary section are good.

Brentwood College Magazine—Victoria, B.C.—Your cover design is pleasing and sports are fully written. A few jokes and more cartoons would add interest.

The Bugle—Crescent Heights High, Calgary—Your magazine contains many good jokes and cartoons, but why scatter your poems through the book?

Burnaby South High School Annual—New Westminster, B.C.—A small book with many photographs of students, but lacking in humour and cartoons. Come again!

Acadia Athenaeum—Acadia University, Wolfville, N.C.—A magazine with many interesting historical and scientific facts. Short stories and essays are well done. May we suggest adding photographs.

The Brunswickan—University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N.B.—A magazine containing many educational articles, but which is not lacking in humour. Again, may we suggest adding photographs.

The Camosun—Victoria High School, Victoria, B.C.—An excellent exchange. Your illustrations and literary section are good. We would like to hear from you again.

The Collegiate—S.C.I., Sarnia, Ontario—An interesting book from cover to cover. Your exchange column is large and widespread. We have no adverse criticism for this publication.

- Crimson and White**—Hollywood High School, California—An instructive little book containing information as to the rules, regulations and organization of the school. This is, however, not their Year Book.
- Dale College Magazine**—Dale College, King William's Town, South Africa—An exchange from the other side of the world and certainly most welcome. Sport accounts are well written, but humour is altogether absent.
- The L.C.C.I. Review**—London, Ontario—Our best exchange. Humour is everywhere. Your cartoons are amusing. Your book contains everything to make up a well-balanced magazine.
- Lower Canada College Magazine**—Montreal, Quebec—One of our new exchanges. Welcome! Your departments are well written, especially your sports. Literary section is not large. Why not comment in your exchange column?
- Macdonald College Magazine**—Macdonald College (McGill University), Quebec—A magazine containing interesting articles, both literary and scientific. Your cover design is plain and neat.
- McMaster University Monthly**, Toronto, Ontario—This is a very intellectual literary magazine. Your book reviews are interesting. Devoid of humour.
- Retina**—Morrison R. Waite High School, Toledo, Ohio—A small, but well-planned book. Your literary section is good and "Book Lore" is an unique section in high school magazines. A few pictures of school teams, etc., would be a worthy addition.
- Red and White**—Lowell High School, San Francisco, California—An elaborate book with board cover and excellent paper. Pictures and drawings everywhere. A rather different magazine to most of our exchanges as it contains no literary or humour section.
- The Screech Owl**—B.H.S., Bowmanville, Ontario—Your cover is very artistic. Your jokes are few but your literary section certainly balances up the scarcity of humour.
- St. Margaret's School Magazine**, Victoria, B.C.—Poems and essays are well done. Cartoons and jokes would add interest. Cover design is distinctive.
- The Student**—Welland High School, Welland, Ontario—A last year exchange. Humorous section is excellent, but literary section is small.
- The Tatler**—Lindsay Collegiate, Lindsay, Ontario—A small book, but with many literary attractions. You are to be complimented on your many club activities which must add variety to your school life.
- The Torch**—N.C.I., Napanee, Ontario—A small, but well-compiled book with good farm notes. May we suggest a larger literary section and the naming of your pictures.
- The Trail**—Published by the University of Alberta Alumni—A quarterly, which must be of great interest to former students.
- The Twig**—University of Toronto Schools, Toronto, Ontario—An excellent magazine, holding interest from beginning to end. Your farm news is splendid. Your humour, literary and sport sections are complete. You are to be complimented on this periodical.
- The Vulcan**—Central Technical School, Toronto—A striking cover design! Your artists are certainly to be praised. Where is your exchange?

- The Queen's Review**—Kingston, Ontario—Another magazine published by an Alumni Association. You certainly keep in touch with graduates of years ago, and this must be appreciated by them.
- Vox Studentium**—Port Arthur Collegiate, Ontario—A compact, well-balanced magazine. Your short stories are interesting and your cartoons original.
- Year Book**—Western Canada High, Calgary—Printed before you changed to new school. A book with complete reports of students' successes in exams. More cartoons would add attractiveness. Have you no exchange? We wish you success in your new school.
- Year Book**—Victoria High School, Edmonton—Your first publication since 1915 is very successful. We would suggest more cartoons and a table of contents. We hope that you will continue in this successful manner.
- Year Book**—Shelburne High School, Shelburne, Ontario—Yours is an interesting and well arranged book for a small school. Your literary section is large, but more cartoons would be an improvement. Come again!

Among the papers we have received are:

- The Emery Weal**—Institute of Technology and Art, Calgary—Many interesting articles besprinkled with humour. Published monthly.
- The Gateway**—University of Alberta, Edmonton — A weekly paper with much sports news. Your Editorials are usually very interesting.
- McGill Daily**—Montreal, Quebec—The only daily in our exchange column. University activities are all kept account of.
- The Pine Cone**—Pine Bluff High School, Pine Bluff, Arkansas—It certainly must take a lot of hard work on the part of students and staff to publish a paper weekly in High school. To do this, as successfully as you have shows that "school spirit" is not lacking.
- Scribe News**—Oakland Technical High School, California—A weekly paper with many cartoons and jokes.
- The Writers' Magazine**—Published by the same school, is a wonderful idea to encourage students to write stories.
- The White Pine**—Coeur d'Alene High School, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho — A weekly paper with up-to-the-minute reports on school activities. It seems a pity that such a publication as this should have to be discontinued owing to lack of support from students.

Later publications which we have received are:

- The Watsonian**—George Watson's College, Edinburgh—A magazine recording the past and present activities of a very old school. Sport's section is well written. The mention of the Calgary "Watsonian" Club in the "Old Boys' Gossip," was interesting to us. This is a welcome addition to our exchange columns.
- The Quill**—Brandon College, Brandon, Manitoba—A paper published twice a week. Contains interesting articles and editorials. The names of one or two former C.C.I. students attracted our attention.

Humour from Exchanges

Q. How can I tell the horse-power of my car?

A. Just lift the lid and count the plugs.

—The Student, Welland.

* * *

Teacher—Put your head down to this watch and tell me if you hear anything, Coutts?

Coutts (after a moment)—Yes, sir.

Teacher—That proves it! Sound travels through solids.

—L.C.I. Tatler.

* * *

Trojan—Come, Horatius, sit in our game of poker.

Horatius—Nay, nay, but I'll challenge all comers at bridge.

—Year Book, V.H.S., Edmonton.

* * *

Co-ed—I hurt my ankle and had to have an X-ray picture taken of it.

Dumb Freshman—If they come out good can I have one?

* * *

Father—Daughter, you are too extravagant; you spend money for unnecessary clothes.

Fair Co-ed—Oh! Father, how absurd! Unnecessary clothes are not in fashion.

—Acadia Athenaeum.

* * *

First Student—Say, George, this Trig is pi for me.

Second Student—Oh, yeah? Perhaps you'll get cot in the exams.

First Student—Gosh, that's not a very good sine.

Second Student—No, and if you fail, your pop'll tan you.

First Student—Here, let's have my book and I'll do it in a sec.

Second Student—Now your talking, that's much beta.

* * *

Wilber (at cafeteria)—Hey, there's a fly in the soup.

Lady (at soup counter)—Don't worry, sir, it won't drink much.

—The Twig.

* * *

A Problem in Mathematics

Question—"How many apples did Adam and Eve eat?"

Margt. R.—They say Eve ate (8) and Adam too, (2), that makes a total of 10.

Hazel—But Eve ate (8) and Adam ate (8) also—total 16.

Flora—If Eve ate (8) and Adam ate, too (82) certainly the total was 90.

Margt. S.—Scientific men reason thus: Eve ate one (81) and Adam ate too (82)—Total 163.

Teacher—You are all wrong. If Eve ate one (81) and Adam ate one, too (812)—the total was 893—see!

Poole—I knocked them cold in the Latin exam.
 Gardiner—Never! What did you get?
 Poole—Zero.

—The Torch.

* * *
 What do they call a napkin in Russia? Soviet.

* * *
 Short-sighted Lady (in grocery)—Is that the head cheese over there?
 Salesman—No ma'am, that's one of his assistants.

—Lower Canada College Magazine.

* * *
 Teacher—Use "Euripides" in a sentence.
 Aaron—You rippa dese pants, I knocka your block.

* * *
 M. Barker—What's your idea of an optimist?
 M. Lister—One who never stops to open a sandwich.

—Shelbourne High Year Book.

* * *
 Jean's head is eleven inches long, so she calls it a foot—but she doesn't use it as a rule.

* * *
 Reg. W.—"That swell looking girl is dead from the neck up."
 Dick L.—"Well, she can bury her head in my arms any time."

* * *
 There was an old man of Perth,
 Who was born on the day of his birth;
 He was married, they say, on his wife's wedding day,
 And died on his last day on earth.

* * *
 Guide (to Jim B. in Europe)—"This, sir, is the leaning tower of Pisa."
 Jim—"Pisa, eh! Let me think. No, that doesn't sound like the name of the Eytalian that built my garage, but be blamed if it doesn't look like some of his work."

* * *
 Mary B.—"Betty, your neck looks like a typewriter."
 Betty W.—"How come?"
 Mary B.—"Underwood."

* * *
 Dixon (at drinking fountain in the hall)—"Like a drink of water?"
 Peggy—"Thanks, no. I've such an iron constitution that I fear I might rust."

* * *
 R. Wilson—"White's hair is like Heaven."
 M. Smith—"Why?"
 R. Wilson—"No parting there."

* * *

Excuse to Principal

"Kindly excuse Bob's absence from school yesterday. He fell in a ditch and got his pants muddy. By doing the same you will greatly oblige his mother."

* * *

The Snake Song

I garter go where you go.

RHYMES OF XA

Clare Morton—

Here we have a brainy lass,
And we all agree that she's "first class."

Agnes Harrington—

The marks in subjects that she takes
Are always good without any breaks.

Dorothy Howe—

The piano is Dorothy's Paradise,
Geometry her Waterloo.

"Billie" Ferguson—

Two spares a day gives her lots of time
To think up various kinds of crime.

Helen Conn—

We don't hear much from Helen,
But we always know she's there.

Margaret Jackson—

She thinks, and thinks a lot;
We think she thinks more than she ought.

Marion Lewis—

A quiet miss (?) who never talks (?)
But draws pictures on the board with chalk.

Phyllis Paulson—

She does "le Francais" very fast,
And in exams. she comes not last.

Phyllis Ryan—

A girl who is both bright and fair,
She's never away because she's always there.

Kay Barrington—

She cartoons pictures and faces galore;
Every day she draws more and more.

Dorothy Clarke—

In school she does not a thing that's wrong,
Not even sing a little song.

Dorothy McDougall—A quiet lass, near the top of the class,
There's never a doubt that she will pass.

Nellie Feek—

She sits far away from all the noise,
And away from all the troublesome boys.

Margaret Haszard—

Her looks are good, her marks are good;
In everything she is rather good.

Mary Proctor—

Sarcastically we might say,
Mary wants Geometry every day.

Eileen Hayes—

We never hear very much of her,
Nevertheless she's always there.

Margaret Tompkins—

When in class she's very attentive,
The tunes she whistles are very plaintive.

Dorothea Warrener—

She's always funny, and always laughing;
Never a minute she isn't talking.

Lulie Nies—

She often looks at the boy across the aisle,
But he's as far away to her as if it were a mile.

Norah Tompkins—

Though she sits in a seat right at the back,
She always has plenty of remarks to make.

Cathrine Robertson—

Quiet and calm of gentle mien,
Seldom heard or seldom seen.

Fanny Estrin—

This young lady is a slave of fate,
For school it seems, she's always late.

Eileen Nicholson—

A real Girl Guide, her duty done,
While she has a smile for everyone.

Edythe Lincoln—

Laughs and talks and has lots of fun;
Keeps the teachers always on the run.

Jean Rae—

The boys and girls of XA
Hear very little of Jean Rae.

Evelyn Gush—

She's very quiet and demure,
And we hear very little from her.

Gwen Barroll—

A hundred in French is nothing for her;
She does it like a house on fire.

Isobel Millican—

Sweet personality, full of rascality;
Good in everything, except Geometry.

Edith Selwood—

One of the best sports in the class;
Her big ambition is to drive (?) a Nash.

Jim Maguire—

To find pretty girls from near and far,
Here comes our gallant Lockinvar.

John Corley—

A second Socrates is he;
A future Premier in him we see.

Murray Ross—

Oh, he is a man of mirth,
And all the girls shall follow him.

Norman Cragg—

Round in his seat he sits talking to Walker,
And thus we enroll him as "champion talker."

Robert Pearson—

Blessed is he who expects detentions,
For he shall not be disappointed.

Gilbert Patterson—

He sits scratching his head on a hard wooden bench,
When he's asked in last period to translate some French.

Leslie Stevens—

As the greatest only are,
In his simplicity, sublime.

Morris Estrin—

Here today and gone tomorrow,
But he's always awake and never in sorrow.

Ken Cherer—

A smart, bright little lad,
Who always keeps you glad.

Arthur Reese—

This quiet lad takes three periods a day,
Lit., Comp. and History, in old XA.

Will Ross—

Takes part in games of every sort,
And he's a regular all-round sport.

Garth Walker—

Represents the Analecta in XA,
And gets along fine in every way.

* * *

What XA is Noted for:

John Corley's oratory.
Edith Selwood's yodel.
Marion Lewis's Geometry diagrams.
Estrin's side-burns.
Leslie Stevens' Geometry ability.
Norman Cragg's dimples.
Pearson's rugby.

BIOGRAPHIES OF XB

Connie Hutchings—The girl with the hair of spun gold and placid temper ? ? ?

Helen Biswanger—Always looking for a joke of some kind.

Ethel Smith—Known for her steadfastness, both in school and homework.

Margaret Blatchford—Known for her ready smile, her willingness to help, and last, but not least, her everpresent boy friend.

Dorothy Fraser—Always walking in after the bell. "Better late than never."

Jean Winton—Try to help Betty Keith in her French.

Margaret Wiggins—Quiet—but 'nuf sed.

Lulu McComb—She's not so good in school—but out of school—well, you all know her too.

Dorothy Turner—Who was it who said that ignorance was bliss?

Alta Liner—The Grammarian.

- Betty Keith**—Her greatest ambition is to learn French.
Velve Merrified—Quiet but a good student just the same.
Ellen Pengelly—The flaming youth of XB.
Lavinia Ashford—Tall, slim and quiet; she is quite a stranger in our room.
Louise Scott—A real criminal.
Betty Harvey—Louise's partner in crime.
Fair Lundy—She's not here very often, but we like her nevertheless.
Walter Satchwell—Seems to think other people don't buy ink for themselves.
Walter Roberts—Is in the room in body, out we fear in mind.
George Willoughby—He thinks his French is perfect, but ask the teacher.
Ronald Burney—One substitute tells him he's worse than a girl to fool.
 "My Gawd!"
Bill Moodie—He must be quite a strain on the desk as well as on the teachers.
Guy Morton—Likes to dust his clods on other people's clothes.
Bill Fraser's waste basket is anybody's desk that might be open at the time a scrap of paper is in his possession.
Floyd Bremer—Has quite a nice friend (not mentioning any names) during Algebra.
Jim Sloan—He's a lucky dog, he's so short he doesn't have to strain his back bending down while walking down the street behind a girl.
Lorne Burkell—We believe in evolution from a hyena after hearing him laugh.

REVIEW OF XC

- Dave Longbotham**—Star of Senior Rugby team. Could grow a beard, judging from that mighty crop of whiskers.
Ken McDermid—Favorite occupation—Yawning in a front seat. Looks like one of the "Innocents of Paris," but don't let him fool you, girls!
Wes. Reed—Makes great use of the expression, "Yes, but——." He is a great help to everyone in Algebra.
Harold Keith—Pastime—Drawing cartoons in his books. Ambition—To get 100% in History.
George England—Is the brains of the boys. Occupation—Knowing everything—nearly. Ambition: To get in the "Squawkies."
Fred Fraser—Occupation: Telling others Geometry is a form of torture. Ambition: To become a Professor of Languages.
Ronzy Holman—Favorite expression: "Do we have to do it?" Occupation: Bothering others for French homework.
Walter Tangie—Chief occupation: Getting up homework between periods. Ambition: "Il n'en a pas."
Ronald Hunt—Chief occupation: Dodging Literature detentions. Hunt has secured a monopoly of the rum-running to the U.S.A.
Bob Ohlson—Played Junior Rugby. Bob provides a generous entertainment for those around him. Wants to be a "big promoter."

- Harry Cartwright**—Occupation and ambition are mysteries. Harry is going into the undertaking business when he leaves school, it is understood.
- Jack Gordon**—Favorite pastime: Coming in late at the middle of the first period. Ambition: To make a trip to Mars.
- Paul Stack**—Occupation: Scrapping with Hunt and Brink. Ambition: To be on the School Board.
- Geoff Van Stockum**—Noted for his "sax" playing. Ambition: To get "bigger and better" notes.
- Roy Webster**—Has an eye on all the girls. Pet ambition: To grow a wind-blown bob.
- Ellis Grey**—Pastime: Protecting himself from the onslaughts of Hunt. Ambition: "Peewee" wants to be as big as Longbotham.
- Albert McIvor**—Is just recovering from the Xmas Exam. results. Occupation: Enjoying Ohlson's antics.
- Jim Nesbitt**—Is a running candidate for premier. He ought to reach Mexico soon.
- Roy Bee**—Occupation: Receiving assistance from the girls in Algebra. Roy wishes to accompany Jack Gordon on the trip to Mars.
- Frances Brink**—Was released from Lethbridge a few years ago. He is noted for his "bass" laugh.
- Scott Crerer**—Is busy on a revised edition of the "Golden Dog." Outside of Brink, Geometry is his greatest trouble.
- Eleanor Harvey**—Always giggling. Appears to be sitting quiet, but—(?). Would like to become a second "Giggling Gertie."
- Hazel Robinson**—Famous for her compositions. Forever laughing with Eleanor Harvey. Would like to become an opera singer.
- Isabel Routely**—Noted for her deaf and dumb talk with Fraser. Writes many notes to Margaret England. Tries to be a perfect lady.
- Thelma Conlin**—Does everything but Geometry in Geometry period. Would like to get a steady job at Eaton's jewelry department.
- Eva Papworth**—Famous for her ability to twist around and talk to Jean McKinnon. Plays the gramophone wonderfully well, and she hopes to become a musician.
- Doris Tennant**—Defies "tous les professeurs." Makes eyes at everyone in general and no one in particular, and keeps the whole class out of boredom.
- Grace Kent**—Comforts Doris Tennant in times of trouble. Talks a lot to Doris and Sheila. Is anxious to learn some History.
- Sheila Ritchie**—Is a great basketball player. Always tries to prove to her teacher that she knows her onions in French. Ambition To swim the English channel.
- Mohavis Duma**—Is noted for her frequent visits to XIIB. If silence is golden, she must be a millionaire. Would like to get to school on time.
- Peggy Elliot**—Is famous for her first class info? about Montreal. Likes to help her teacher out in Lit., and enjoys being quiet.
- Mary McLeod**—Takes a great part in the constitution of XC. Keeps up a lively chat with Nadine and is anxious to complete High school in the fewest possible years.

- Hazel Smith**—Has a steady job drawing in autographs. Some day she may be a second Carot.
- Margaret England**—Is the teachers' helping hand. Spends most of her time talking to her neighbors. Hopes to beat George and stand first.
- Marge McRae**—Has timid voice which barely rises above the din in XC. Plays basketball. Hopes someday to get a Saturday job.
- Beth Lundy**—Is noted for minding her own business. She hurries from one room to another and tries to keep up a record attendance.
- Nadine Smith**—A good secretary. She writes down our homework on the board. She'd like to get home at least once a week without a History book.
- Rose Muehlelehner**—Possesses one of the most difficult names there are. She writes great compositions and wants to become a flapper.
- Jean McKinnon**—Has lengthy conversations with Jean and Eva. She works hard, answers questions and does her homework (?) Would like to be able to turn around at leisure.
- Jean Glennie**—Harpoons everyone with her compass, and nearly falls asleep in Geometry period. Would like to be an aviatrix.

BIOGRAPHIES OF XD

- Ruth Hulbert**—
A good-looking blonde;
At her the boys cast looks quite fond.
- Edna Vickers**—
Is seldom heard from,
But when she does, you know she's thought some.
- Alan Mackay**—His face shines like a good deed in a naughty world.
- Hazel Borgal**—
Sure is a dandy.
On the basketball floor she sure is handy.
- Elsie Vickery**—
All day long she concentrates,
So's not to make a single mistake.
- Jack Lawrence**—
Is our star rugby player,
But beware girls, he's a woman hater.
- Edythe Hammond**—
Is a neat young dame;
For some new prank, she's always game.
- Louise Belton**—
Is cute and petite;
She's the girl you'll want to meet.
- Frank Cowell**—
Is envied by the girls,
Because of his permanent curls.
- Helen Henderson**—
And still another Helen;
As noisy as average girls can be.

Mary Hood—

Is meek and mild;
She never gets the teachers wild.

Peter Robinson—

Is very wise.
He'll make a scholar if he tries.

Evelyn Rogers—

Curly hair and freckled nose she's got,
But she's a girl that knows a lot.

Vivien Newman—

Is our Algebra shark;
She always manages to get a good mark.

Keith Leighkow—

Is a new student at C.C.I.,
But we'll know more about him bye and bye.

Dora Nelson—

Fair as a star,
When only one is shining in the sky.

Barbara Loftsgarden—

Is not much for noise,
But this she makes up in avoirdupois.

Alvin Lott—Sure knows a lot.

Kathleen Heathcott—

Is studious and fair;
About the boys she doesn't care.

Winnie Cheseman—

Is very studious,
And about the boys she's very dubious.

Graham Murray—

He may be small and not so wise,
But he's a terror for his size.

Hazel Braden—

Is a good Geometry student,
And she never does what good girls shouldn't (?).

Burnice Bolton—

With dark hair and blue eyes;
To do her best, she doesn't try.

Duncan Campbell—

Many things he surely does know;
But about them we never hear him crow.

Elsie Deeg—

Is a wow at French;
But next year she'll be using the same old bench.

Grace Papworth—

Curly hair and dimpled chin;
Many hearts are sure to win.

Murdo Thomson—Always asking questions—that's him.

Joan Kilner—

Jolly and always smiling;
Others to help she's always willing.

Mary Burpee—

Is quiet and pensive,
But to her work, very attentive.

Garnet Kerr—

Will be an aviator bye and bye,
If only he doesn't let his high hopes die.

Phyllis Wright—

Her voice is ever soft and low,
A wonderful thing in women.

Gwen Griffiths—

She also sits at the back of the room;
A good sport too, we're ready to assume.

Gwen Boyd—

For honors she always makes a good run.
In not talking she finds great fun.

Doris Huggins—

Her marks are not exceedingly high;
But anyway, she's willing to try.

Joan Mamini—

Shy and reserved, but good-natured, too;
In Latin she sure plows right through.

Edith Compton—

In Geometry II she's not so bright,
But in French she's a shining light.

Ruth Corkum—

Has a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires.

Peggy Williams—

Of a very talkative nature is she;
We wonder why she's not always at sea.

Frampton Price—

Will be an aviator bye and bye,
If only he can make his Ford fly.

Dan Flannigan—

A most intellectual looking person,
But this doesn't affect his prowess at rugby.

Motto for March

"Left; left; left, right, left!"

Motto for June

"Write; write; write, write—left!"

* * *

Nota bene—Not a bean (i.e., no money).

* * *

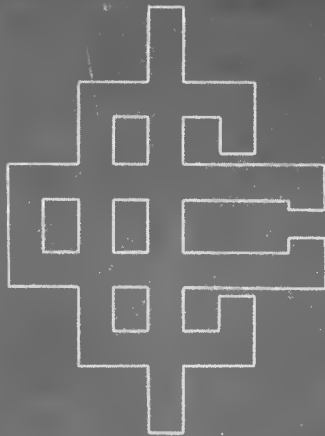
Drunk—Ish thish the bank?

Bank—Yes.

Drunk—Howish the water today?



'Free' on Board



Sweetheart We
Need
Eachother



Raise You Ten



Tarzan of
the
Apes



The Four Famous
Pipes



Madam
Queen



Anybody in the class got a
'Light'



You Little Dear

Ambitions of IXA

Katie Short—To remember to write her History.

Philip Woleson—To be a street-cleaner.

Kenneth Robson—To collect his books before school from the people he lent them to.

Leslie Thirlwell—To compete in sports, and thus out of his homework.

Robert Keyes—To skip as many detentions as possible.

Kenneth James—To see the final exams. before hand so he will be able to pass them.

Dorothy Cross—To win a beauty contest.

Avers Melbraith—To write a French Grammar of his own.

Doris Gardner—To become a great scientist.

Jessie Seaman—To become a movie actress.

Jack Huggins—To be a piano mover.

Bud Pullan—To have his statue in the school hall.

Bill Glover—To keep from going to sleep during French period.

Irvin Barton—To always have his French done.

Bert Threadkell—To be a Geometry teacher.

Wilbur McDaniel—To build model aeroplanes so he can get in theatres for nothing.

Margaret Grant—To become an opera singer.

Levern Dawdy—To be a manicurist.

Bill Hulbert—To be an editor of "The Dog Catcher Review."

Mae Belle Buchan—To be a "Night club dancer."

Mildred Swick—To be a coal-heaver on the Graf Zeppelin.

John Day—To do a little work which is not too much like work.

Humphrey Cooper—To grow a "pomp."

Robert Jamieson—To join the circus and ride white elephants.

John Caswell—To be a "Choo-choo" driver.

Alta Keyes—To be a "Gold-digger."

Clifford Harris—To be Crown Prince of Alberta.

Claude Parks—To be a safe cracker.

Ed. Baker—To be President of U.S.A.

Verna Westaway—To get to school before 9.30 a.m.

Philip R. Pepper—To become a millionaire selling sun-dials painted with aluminum paint, so that they can be read at night.

Richard Randall—To be a heavy-weight boxer.

Jeff Davies—To play with Captain Rifles and not get a boxed ear or a few hundred lines.

Ivan—"Is that washer the salesman from America sold you, any good?"

Mrs. I.—"No! Everything is all right until I get into it, and then the paddles knock me off my feet."

BIOGRAPHIES OF IXB

Helen Lindsay—Popular in IXB, and also brainy.

Dorothy Webb—Seen, but rarely heard to speak.

Marjorie Watkins—"I dunno."

Ethel Gray—IXB's tall one.

Ida Porteous—If Ethel doesn't know her History, neither does Ida.

Annie Courley—Renowned for helping Ida out of tight places in Algebra.

Margaret Newborn—Ought to be fined for speeding in Algebra.

Margaret Shaw—A red-headed youngster with brains, and she's lots of fun.

Rhoda Keir—The light that never fails in Geometry.

Alberta Neilson—Applies the powder-puff in the last five minutes of misery.

Laurie MacIntosh—Shining star in French ? ? ?

Jean Ross—Not so studious in spite of her glasses.

Olive Bietle—Occupies the first seat in her row, but not the first place in her class.

Annie Cooper—All you need to do is start something and Annie's a willing follower.

Kathleen Smith—Is the inspiration of most of Annie's answers.

Marjorie Harris—Goes out at night and doesn't do her French. Naughty! Naughty!

Pat O'Neill—Has occasional set-tos with one of his teachers as to the gentle art of giggling.

Dorothy Stoddard—Sometimes startles IXB with a hitherto unanswerable answer.

Dorothy Fawcett—"Giggling Bertie—giggling all the time."

Phemie Jackson—"Write out the first four stanzas of 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' Euphemia."

Margaret Topley—The unfortunate victim of IXB's teases, but we all like her.

Margaret Folkins—Margaret always has her Geometry — she has also a sister in Grade XII.

Jessie Arlidge—Somehow Jessie escapes detentions.

Helen Banks—Her highest ambition is to become a second Jersey Lily.

Marjorie Fisher—Always knows her History—if her book's open.

Georgina Van Wart—Noted for taking "French leave" if she has detentions.

Dorothy Kennedy—Short but sweet.

Marion Higgins—Looks as if she'd lost her last friend if she can't find Margaret Shaw.

Jean MacRae—Runs home to change her clothes instead of doing Algebra.

Christine Black—Always does her homework—maybe.

Edna Dilworth—Thoroughly believes that children should be seen and not heard.

Herita Schellenberg—Noted for finding fault with one of her teacher's art.

Lily Frizzell—It's too bad Lily's name isn't Lizzie. There's an occasional slip on her teacher's part.

Doris Porteous—Is registered in IXB, but you'd never know it.

- Marion Patterson**—Looks studious, but never judge from appearances.
Jean Reynolds—Sits at the back. She and Mona communicate by long distance signals.
Mona Rowse—Used to sit at the back by Jean, but now she's at the front—'nuf sed.

Motto for IXB

Together we stand, together we fall,
 But if we are caught we stand not at all.

BIOGRAPHIES OF IXC

- Alfred Simpson**—Is famous for his rapturous gazing at nothing during Lit.
Annette Horwitz—Her chief ambition is to teach science (?).
Alex Garden—The singing troubador, whose voice is often heard from the corner.
Lillian Snazell—Far-famed as the memory work specialist.
Budd Cross—Who seems to think he has the female sex pickin' petals off o' daisies.
Kathleen Bartlett—Whose sayings are few but wise.
Hazel Razoumovsky—She has an idea she'd like to teach all the teachers.
Clarence Withal—Is the all-round sportsman of IXC.
Betty Stuart—Whose brilliancy in various subjects is well known.
Margaret Dams—Who is "so unusual" she loves work.
Leslie Hunter—Is the source of homework answers in IXC.
Muriel Kathrens—Is still as a mouse in a noisy house.
Phyllis Simons—Our foremost expert on lines.
Jeffrey Hodges—His favorite occupation is tormenting Buchanan.
Margaret Alsgard—Whose speech is conspicuous by its absence.
Ethel Askew—Her chief ambition is to talk unnoticed.
Osborne Buchanan—Who is often in competition with Francis, on who can write the most lines.
Doris Warren—Sweet and demure, but—beware of those eyes!
Ruth Markus—Who often expresses her fondness for detentions.
Alfred McInnes—Favorite occupation: Tormenting Vivian.
Opal Hale—Fond of taking vacations.
Alberta Brown—Is famous for a new language which she calls French.
Irene Taylor—Known for the strange noises coming from her side of the room—some call them giggles.
David Francis—Another of the studious people of IXC, who spend their time doing nothing.
Helen Graham—Spends her time enjoying herself; doesn't think she cares much for work.
Connie Seville—Short and sweet.
Elsie Walker—She makes us wonder what would happen if she didn't get her Algebra.
Annette Bercov—Men may come and men may go, but she laughs on forever.

- Hilliard Hyndman**—The magnet for paper scraps on the floor.
Annie Foster and Jean Cavana—Generally seen in conference.
George Davidson—Is inventing a new seat in which he will be able to sit facing the back of the room.
Vivian Kelly—Another quiet mouse, except when she's arguing with Alfred.

LOUIS WENER'S REPORT OF THE CONVICTS AND WARDEN OF CELL IXD

- Everett Mayhood**—Who thinks H2 O means HIJKLMNO.
Kenneth Rollo—Is long and lank and says that teachers should be absent more.
Ralph McArthur—So dumb he thinks his desk top was made expressly for him to carve.
Hyman Splinin—B.Q., R.S., B.G., S.T., etc.
 —He has proven himself to be a brainy lad.
Dalton Howe—Who says that the old fashioned desks should be replaced by beds.
Glenn Sutfin—Just arrived from nowhere — He thinks that mouths are metred, hence the silence.
Beverly North—IXD's star rugby player—A good sport, but he certainly can't stand to lose his gum.
Floyd Oxtombush—From Heckville or Nanton, and thinks a blizzard is inside a hen.
Lewis Wener—His teacher's favorite company after four.
James Rees—Canada, Yale, Ponoka, C.C.I.—Even Ponoka couldn't hold him down.
Archie Brown—Who always comes to school early because we have to have our homework done.
Kenneth Keith—Who says that if he quit seven subjects he could pass the rest at June easily.
R. Walker—Is noted for doing his homework—sometimes.
Charles Hurst—Commonly known as "Chuck"—IXD's hockey star.
James Cowie—Ambitious to keep his hair in place and to sell a pair of pants with plenty of ventilation.
Bill Ferguson—One of IXD's brainstormers. He thinks an egg-plant is a laying hen.
John McDonald—Who tried to prove he was in XIA when he wasn't, so as to prove he wasn't at a game where he was.
Hugh Fraser—Who is trying to invent a fluid liquid or gas to keep his knotty curls in place.
Belton Macartney—"Oh, sleep it is a gorgeous thing, and stretching I adore it."
Morley Hayes—We often wonder what part of the world he dwells in during Geometry. It must be infinity.
Nelson Hood—The Yankee—A coming astronomer. He is planning a trip to the moon in the near future.

- Murray Payntz**—A bright student who has proven himself to be fond of studying.
- Merle Kepler**—Whose chief ambition is to keep his gum from the basket.
- Clifford Thorpe**—The detention king. His main ambition is to pass Geometry before 1939.
- Archie Wolton**—Who is making extensive study of Roman architecture—has fallen arches—no amateur gentleman.
- Edgar Lamont**—Who always wears a peeved look on his face, but don't count that.
- Fred Wonnacott**—Who thinks a flapper is something with wings. Ambition: To get to school before 9 and 1.45.
- Cuthbert Harry**—Very popular with the teachers after four.
- Thomas Milner**—We decided to end up with a bang, so here's the big noise.

BIOGRAPHIES OF IXE

- Jack Hurst**—
Is very fond of chewing gum;
But it's a different thing when it comes to an Algebra sum.
- John Cardell**—
Has dimpled cheeks;
And for pretty girls he always seeks.
- Kenneth Dixon**—
Is very fond
Of a nicely dressed little blonde. L.F.
- Alec Stirton**—
Turns round all the time,
And this action helps me make my rhyme.
- Roy Houston**—Aime—A pretty little dame. D.T.
- Jack Bara**—
Knows as much about Geometry
As he does about Trigonometry.
- Vernon Hughes**—
Has dark eye-lashes,
And his eyes send out sparkling flashes.
- James MaKormick**—
In Algebra James MaKormick's very weak,
But, in Composition, he's an awful freak.
- Bernard Northfield's** writing notes;
And, supposedly, contain come anecdotes.
- Albert Antliff's** composition's very good indeed;
But when it comes to Geometry, it isn't fit to read.
- Harttman Farrow's** very sweet
On a little girl who's very neat. E.G.
- Robert Newstead's** very strong
In getting all his History wrong.
- Douglas Cunningham**—Specializes in giving his teachers surprises.
- Victor Spur**—Is so very, very handsome,
That, to beat him for a girl, you've got to go some.

- Allan Beresford's no patriot bard.
Nor is he an ornament on guard.
- Dale Pearson—Throws lots of chalk,
And likes to have a good long chat.
- Cyril Wales' History is very bad,
And the results of his answers are very sad.
- Stuart Barnard—Is very small,
But by his baby brother he'd be tall.
- Hubert Smith's not so good in History,
But, very well he knows her story.
- Archie Lamont—The boy who knows
All about Geometry, and how it goes.
- If Thornton White came for a day
All the teachers would pass away.
- Helen MacKay—
In the Christmas exams, of December,
Helen came first, you remember.
- Louise Fraser and Agnes Clarke—
Agnes and Clarkie are always together,
Whether it's warm or zero weather.
- Marjorie Gray—
Though Marjorie is really quite small,
Her "silent" whispers are heard by all.
- Ella Caggie—
On her Science Ella doth frown,
But for her French she has renown.
- Dorothy Taylor—
Dot's in favor of Algebra I ?
She actually thinks equations are fun ? ?
- Eleanor Greig—
She's not afraid of a Geometry proposition,
It's to French that she's in opposition.
- Lorraine Osborne—
Her ambition is to keep quiet in spare
So her teacher won't give her History an air.
- Kathleen McManns—
Kay is cute with her weekly marcel,
And in Literature she doth excel.
- Elsie Dawson—
What she thinks she clearly utters,
And what she imagines she just stutters.
- Irene Jackson—
She's medium height, not too fat,
A smile is always on her map.
- Margaret Purdy—
Her knowledge of Geometry may be lacking,
But she knows her onions in wise cracking.
- Mary Fraser—She fails to repeat History word for word,
And annoys her teacher for all she's worth.

Merdina MacLeod—

Just at Christmas she came to IXE,
And she's a good scout—that we all see.

Evol Lewis—

Her answers in general are very bright;
To her teachers' questions she's always right.

Evelyn Rogers—

When Evelyn is paying poor attention
She gets several hours' detention.

Eloise Nelson—

Poor Eloise has some terrible times
Trying to write a 100 lines.

Esther Steadman—

Many brave men have faced the powder (gun powder);
But Esther prefers to powder the face.

Things We'd Like to See :

Wilfred Hicks answering a teacher's question.

Stanley Burdy not cutting up his desk.

LATIN

Latin is a language,
As dead as dead can be;
It killed the ancient Romans,
And now it's killing me.
All are dead who wrote it,
All are dead who spoke it,
All are dead who learned it;
Blessed dead—they earned it.

* * *

"What is a counter attack, Pa?"

"When your mother goes shopping, Johnny."

* * *

Angus—"Do big fish eat sardines?"

Homer—"Sure! Didn't you know that?"

Angus—"But how do they get them out of the tins?"

* * *

A WHEEL-BASE SLIPPER—with Apologies to Nobody

Will you love me when my carburetor's rusty?
Or when my radiator starts to leak?
Will you love me when my differential's different?
Or when all my fenders start to squeak?

Will you want me when my battery needs recharging?
Will you have me when my engine starts to skip?
Will you love me when my inner tubes need patching?
Will you ditch me when my clutch begins to slip?

The Clutch Slipper.



FOREWORD

Doubtless by now you have read o'er
 The pages that precede;
 Doubtless, too, you'll find your name
 In those that do succeed.

Take not offense; laugh with the rest—
 Heed not the merry scoffer,
 Take naught to heart you may see here—

But "Brevity is the soul of wit,"
 So we will just append
 The hope that you'll enjoy the WIT,—
 At the HUMOR, smile to the end.

—Joke Editors.

The weather was warm, and Pat decided to shave on the back porch. Mrs. Casey, across the way, observed this.

"Pat," she called, "sure an' Oi see yer air shavin' outside."

"Begorra," he responded, "and did ye think Oi was fur-lined?"

* * *

Harry—"Ma, can the new maid see in the dark?"

Mother—"No. Why?"

Harry—"Because I heard her tell Pa last night in the hall, he hadn't shaved."

* * *

Teacher (to class gathering around)—"If this chemical explodes, I'll be blown through the roof—Now come up closer so that you can follow me."

* * *

First Passenger—"What is making the boat roll? It will be the death of me."

Second Passenger—"It's that blooming officer, he keeps walking back and forth up there. It's enough to capsize the boat."

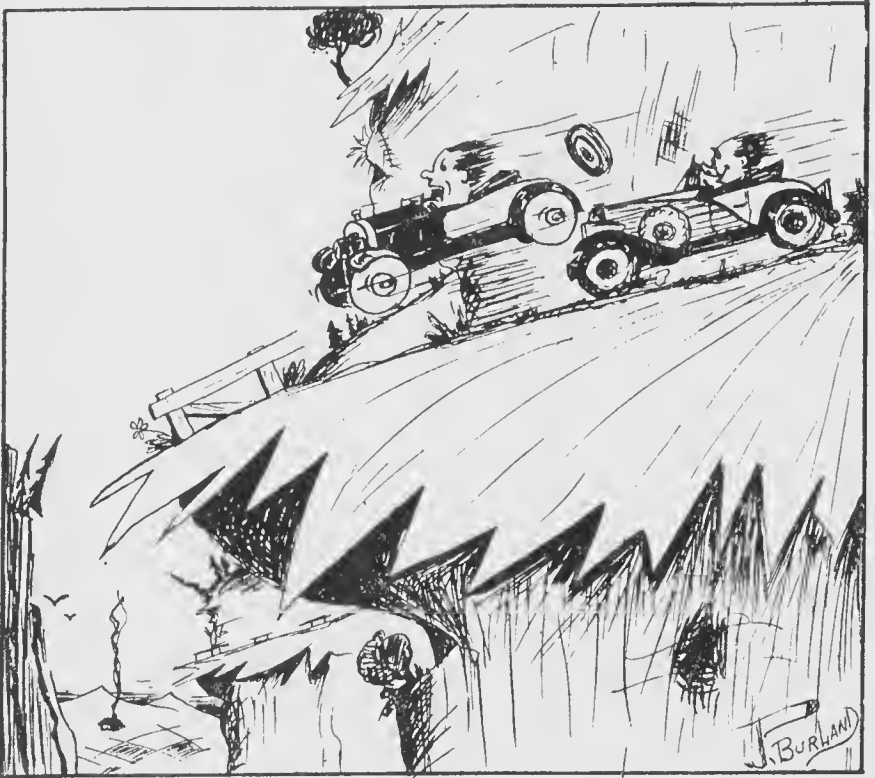
Who Wouldn't

Gus—"If you had five dollars in your pocket what would you think?"
 Bing—"I'd think I had somebody else's pants on."

* * *

A lady who had just received an interesting bit of news said to her daughter—"Marjorie, dear, auntie has a little baby, and now mamma is the baby's aunt, papa is the baby's uncle, and you are her little cousin."
 "Gosh!" said Marjorie wonderingly—"That was arranged quickly!"

* * *



Visitor—How old is your son?

Father—Well, he's reached that age when he thinks the most important thing to pass isn't his examinations, but the car ahead.

* * *

Voice on the phone (3 a.m.)—"Mr. Smith?"

Mr. Smith—"Yes."

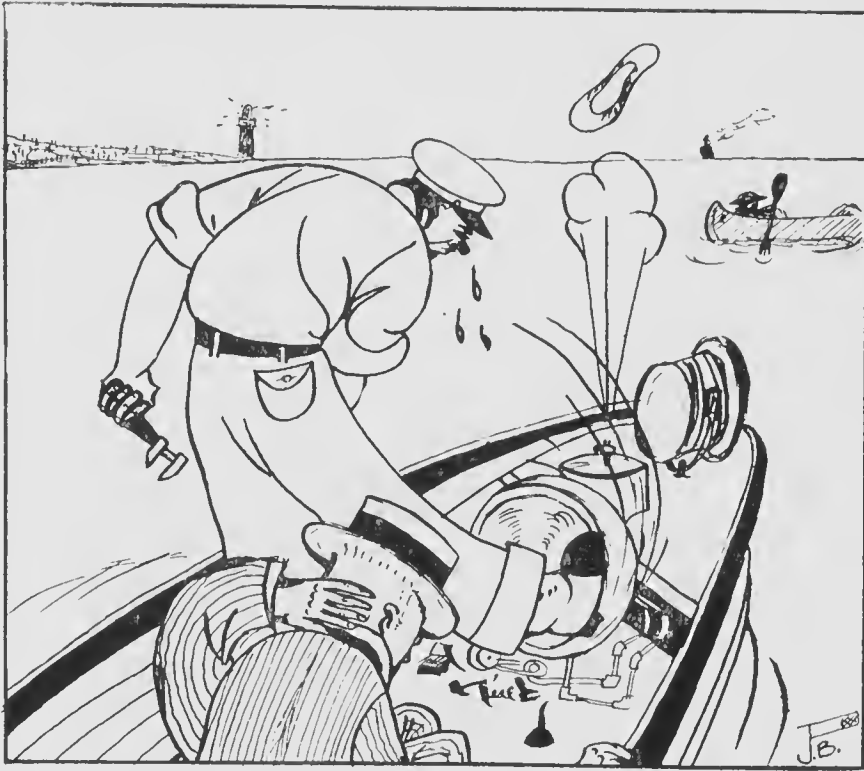
V.P.—"Is your house on the car line?"

Mr. Smith—"Yes."

V.P.—"Well, you'd better move it; there's a car coming."

* * *

Little Willie—"That ain't no rhinoceros, that's a hippopotamus. Can't you see it ain't got no radiator cap?"



Nutt—Captain, for land sakes why don't we go faster? And why do you let them blow that pesky whistle all the time? I'm 'most deaf by it. This fog don't seem to amount to anything—just look up there! The sky's all clear and the sun is out and bright.

McNutt—Yes'm, but we don't aim to go that way—unless the boiler busts!

* * *

Tommy, aged five, had just returned from the hospital, where he had had his tonsils removed. His mother was combing his hair, when he said in muffled tones—"Comb gently, mummie, 'cause it's hard for me to yell!"

* * *

M.T.—Say, did you see that feller fall off that cliff?

F.F.—Don't get excited. Mebbe it was a movie actor making pictures.

M.T.—But my stars, how can we tell?

F.F.—Well, if he drowns, he ain't.

* * *

The Ten Commandments of C.C.I.

1. Thou shalt be at school in time—Unless you sleep in.
2. Thou shalt not chew gum—Unless you haven't anything better.
3. Thou shalt not put thy feet in the aisles—Unless they are too big to get under your desk.

4. Thou shalt pay strict attention to the teacher—Unless you're interested in a pretty girl across the room.
5. Thou shalt prepare thy homework—Unless you want to go to a show.
6. Thou shalt laugh at jokes—Especially the teacher's.
7. Thou shalt not throw paper deliberately on the floor—Put it in the ink-well in the seat behind you.
8. Thou shalt not draw on the board—Take the teacher's advice and keep your art for a select circle.
9. Thou shalt not manicure thy nails in school—Bite 'em off.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's pencil nor his rubber, nor his ruler, nor his ink, nor his loose-leaf paper—Unless you happen to be short of same—then help yourself.

* * *

Dorothy—"But surely you didn't tell him straight out that you loved him?"

Jean—"Goodness, no! He simply had to squeeze it out of me."

* * *

She was very fond of Peter,
 There can be no doubt of that;
 But wouldn't it be quite proper
 If she took him to her flat?
 Suppose that someone heard them—
 Heard four feet go pit-a-pat;
 For her landlady did stipulate
 She musn't have a cat.

* * *

In XIII We Wonder—

1. Why Charmian J. feels compelled to beautify herself daily during Bible reading?
2. Where Jim Cameron got the cherubic countenance?
3. How many times per day "Bud" Millican combs his hair?
4. Why Alison J. and Edwin C. do so much homework?
5. If Mark McClung sincerely agrees with everything in the Bible readings, or if he just nods his head to hear it rattle?
6. When Warrenner will cease striving to obtain such lofty heights?
7. When Cochran's edition of a new Algebra III will be ready for us?
8. Where Dick Litch accumulated all the pep—is it Kelloggs?
9. Why Lew Gardiner carefully puts Mary Barker's overshoes on twice daily?
10. When Lois A. will ever worry over anything except—Homework?
11. Where C. & C. Sign Co. inherited all their originality (?) from?
12. If Helen Hagle's daily wad is strictly fresh?
13. When Margaret Cope will learn the meanings of various physic formulas?
14. When J. Harley will understand combinations the way the mathematical teacher permutates them?

The telephone rings. "Hello."

"Hello, is Boo there?"

"Boo who?"

"Don't cry little girl; I guess I have the wrong number."

* * *

"Did you get home all right last night, sir?" asked the street car conductor.

"Of course—why not?"—came back the passenger.

"Well, when you got up to give your seat to that lady last night, you were the only two people in the car."

* * *

One Hindrance

Ephraim—"Yessuh dat hoss ob mine am de fastest hoss in de worl'. He kin run a mile a minute 'ceptin' foh jes' one thing."

Lige—"What's dat?"

Ephraim—"De distance am too long foh de shortness ob de time."

* * *

Small boy (to visitor)—"Have you got a wife?"

Visitor—"No."

Small boy—"Then who tells you what to do?"

* * *

Teacher—"Cooper! Wake up and tell the class where Minnie Haha lived."

Cooper (yawning)—"'At's easy—In her little tee-hee."

* * *

Algernon (reading joke)—"Fancy this Percy—A chap here thinks that a football coach has four wheels."

Percy—"Haw, haw! And how many wheels has the bally thing?"

* * *

Teacher—"If it takes a yard and a half of goat's milk to make a pair of pyjamas for a bow-legged elephant, with 60,000 fish going over Niagara in a minute and it takes a man with a wooden leg 90 days to walk from here to the North Pole — How long will a peanut sandwich last in a monkey's cage if there are six inches of ice in May?"

McClung—"I'll bite, how long?"

Phone = H_2SO_4

"QUANTITY NOT QUALITY"

XIIA—C.C.I.

C. C. SIGN CO.

Slazzy, Jazzy Signs that Catch the Eye

Big Cost—Slow Results—Dissatisfaction

THIS COMPANY MADE THE ANALECTA FAMOUS

We Aim to Displease

ANGUS A. COCHRAN,
Pres., Mgr., Originator

JAMES W. CAMERON,
Treas., Collector, Complaints

"A DEFINITE EXTRA COST FOR A DEFINITELY POORER SIGN"

And the Sheep Say "Baa-Baa"

Mrs. Willis (sternly, to husband arriving home at 3 a.m.) :—"What does the clock say?"

Mr. Willis (genially)—"It says 'tick-tock,' and the doggies shay 'bow-wow,' and the little pussy cats shay 'meow-meow.'"

* * *

Little Mary (to Johnny who had broken a dish)—"I see where you get paddled."

Johnny (ruefully)—"No you don't. I'm sitting on it."

* * *

Teacher—"This essay on 'our Dog' is word for word the same as your brother's."

James C.—"Yes. It's the same dog."

* * *

A Tragedy in Ten Words

Little boy; Pair of skates; Hole in ice; Golden gates.

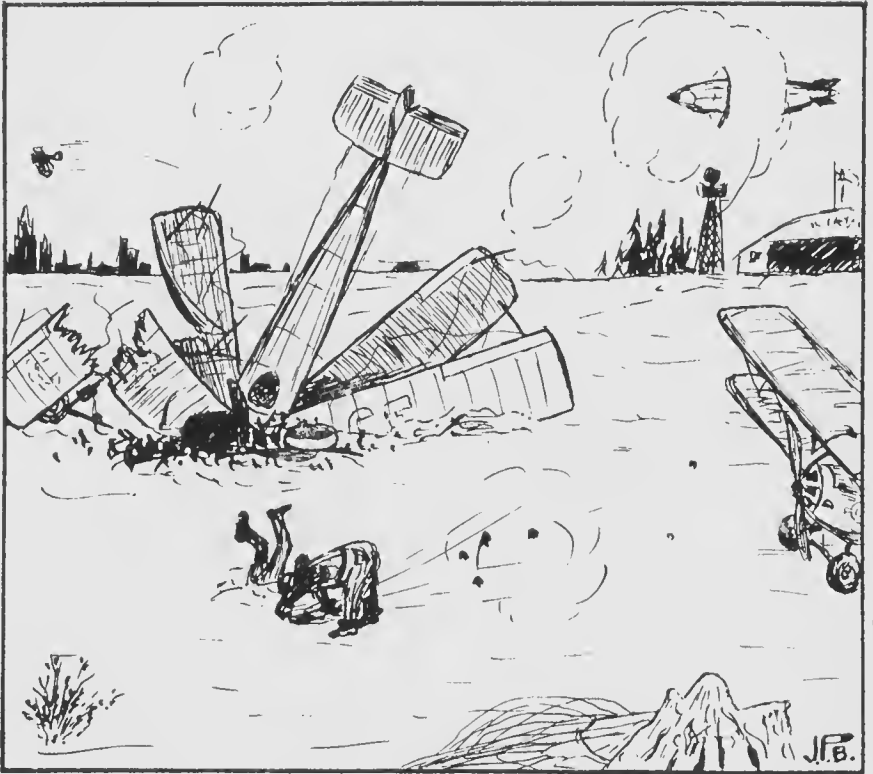
* * *

"Jack said he'd kiss me or die in the attempt."

"Gracious! And did you let him?"

"Well, you haven't seen any funeral notice, have you?"

* * *



First Aviator—I see you had a crack-up. What happened?

Second Aviator—I tried to drive the flopping thing under 25 miles an hour for the first 500 miles.

Mother—"What's making that awful noise?"

Jakey B.—"Grandma ain't used to her new teeth yet, and she's bustin' up all the saucers drinking her tea."

* * *

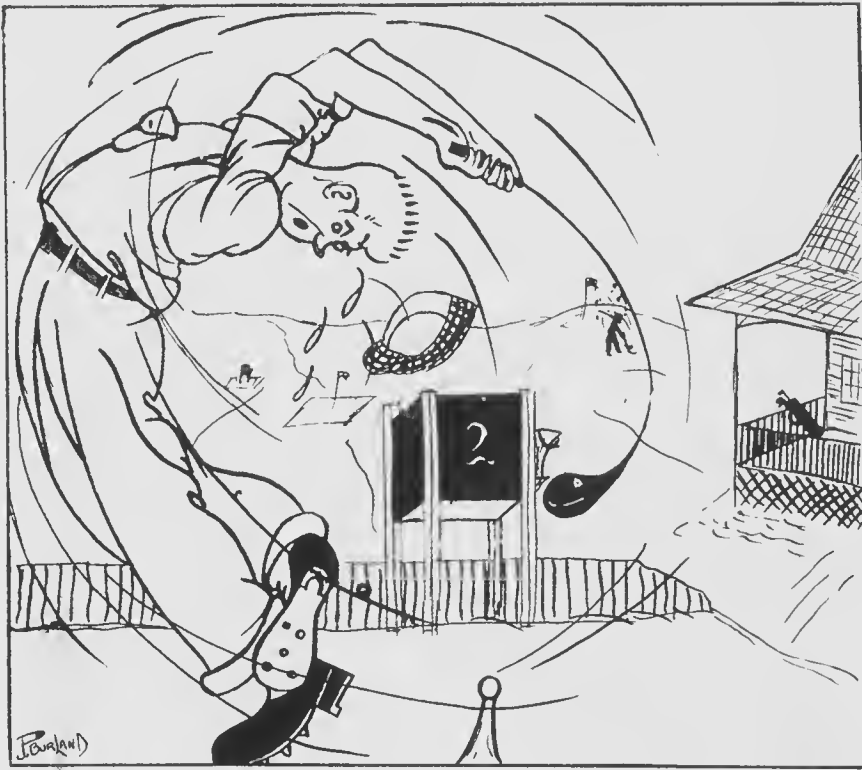
Gardiner—"Why is a sheet of writing paper like a lazy dog?"

Cameron—"I'll bite. Why?"

Gardiner—"A sheet of writing paper is an ink-lined plane, and an inclined plain is a slope up, and slow pup is a lazy dog.

(Exit: Cameron with a loud groan).

* * *



Ken—You play golf?

Ralph—Yes, at it.

Ken—That is a good way to preserve your health.

Ralph—I'd rather swat a pill than swallow one.

* * *

Teacher—"Pearson, how many kinds of natural magnets are there?"

Pearson (absently)—"Two, sir."

Teacher (surprised)—"What are they?"

Pearson (more absently)—"Blondes and brunettes."

Motorist—"I killed your cat, but I'll gladly replace the animal."

Old Maid—"Why-er, this is so sudden, and besides I'm afraid you can't catch mice."

* * *

Here lies a pedestrian,

Much colder than ice;

He only jumped once,

And he should have jumped twice.

* * *

The General was inspecting some colored troops. He came to an artillery man.

"What are your duties?" he asked.

"I jes' opens de li'l doah in de back of de gun," said the colored man, "an' Rastus throws in de shell, and de corporal pulls de whatyousevallah—"

"And then ———."

"Den I steps back an' says, 'Enemy, count yoh sojahs, huh, huh!' "

* * *

Why Immigration Officials Go Crazy

"Next!"

"Who, me?"

"Yes! Come here!"

"Yes, sir."

"Where born?"

"Russia."

"What part?"

"All of me."

"Why did you leave Russia?"

"I couldn't bring it with me."

"Where were your forefathers from?"

"I have only one father."

"Your business?"

"Rotten!"

"Where is Washington?"

"He's dead."

"I mean the capital of the United States?"

"They loaned it all to Europe."

"Now, do you promise to support the constitution?"

"Me? How can I? I've got a wife and children to support."

* * *

Teacher—"Tom, what is the outside of a tree called?"

Tom (who had not been paying attention, of course did not know)—"I do not know, sir," was the timid reply.

Teacher—"Bark, boy, bark."

Tom (obedient)—"Bow-wow-wow."

* * *

Landlady—"And what's wrong now?"

Youthful lodger—"I just wanted to say that I think you get too much mileage out of this roller towel."



A veterinary surgeon was instructing a farmer as to a suitable method for administering medicine to a horse:

Vet.—“Simply place this powder in a gas pipe about two feet long, put one end well back in the horses’s mouth, and blow the powder down his throat.”

Shortly thereafter the farmer came running into the veterinary’s office in a very distressed condition.

Vet—“What’s the matter?”

Farmer—“I’m dying!” cried he hoarsely. “The horse blew first.”

* * *

Customer—“The horn on my car is broken.”

Salesman—“No, it’s just indifferent.”

Customer—“What do you mean?”

Salesman—“Why, I mean that it doesn’t give a hoot.”

* * *

“What are you doing up in that tree?”

“I’m hanging myself.”

“Why don’t you put the rope around your neck?”

“I tried that, but I couldn’t breath.”

* * *

Our blotter is our most useful possession. If we didn’t have it to look for, we shouldn’t know how to kill time while the ink dried.

Chemistry Hopes

In our relentless quest for information we learned that xylothrihdrox-glutrartic acid is made from peanut shells. So a use may be found for old safety razor blades after all.

* * *

Judge—"Now, I don't expect to see you here again, Rastus."

Rastus—"Not see me here again, Jedge? Why, you ain't going to resign yo' job is yo', Jedge?"

* * *

Cop—"What was the number of the car that hit the man?"

Mr. P.—"I can't remember the number, but I happened to notice that if it were multiplied by 50, the cube root of the product would be equal to the sum of the digits reversed."



Johnny—I see that you have clearly given up teaching your girl friend to drive.

Ned—Yes, we had an accident.

Johnny—What happened?

Ned—I told her to release the clutch, and she let go of the steering-wheel.

* * *

A book agent took refuge under a hay stack during a thunder storm and the lightening struck him on the cheek, glanced off and killed a mule two hundred yards away.

Popular Songs and When to Sing Them

When the teacher is out of the room—
 "Ain't We Got Fun?"
 After a visit to the office—
 "Among My Souvenirs."
 At 4 p.m., when you are kept in—
 "The Prisoner's Song."
 After looking at your final report—
 "Here I am Brokenhearted."
 On the way home from school—
 "Just Another Day Wasted."
 After receiving a brain wave before an exam.—
 "Then Came the Dawn."
 After failing in Geometry—
 "That's My Weakness Now."

G. Jeffrey Hodges—IXC.

* * *

C.C.I. Library

The Teachers as a whole—"The Thundering Herd."
 The Students as a whole—"Les Miserables."
 The Schooldays as a whole—"Dangerous Days."
 The June Exams. as a whole—"The Net."
 The Detention Room as a whole—"The Wages of Sin."

* * *



C.C.I. REVIEW OF 1930

"Broadway melody"—Yell practice.
 "While the city sleeps"—Our homework.
 "Ladies of the mob"—Girls in the cloakroom.
 "Dangerous curves"—No homework done.
 "On with the show"—After the second bell.
 "Madame X" (?)—Our "sub" teacher.
 "Alibi"—At a certain period.
 "The private affair"—Our compositions.
 "Seventh Heaven"—Spares.
 "The thirteenth chair"—Back seat.
 "The Racket"—Before bells.
 "The big parade"—Our exit at 4 (p.m.)
 "Welcome danger"—Rugby games.
 "Sunny side up"—Smiling at detentions.
 "Four devils"—Heisler, Snyder, Crooks and Tilley.
 "Journey's end"—Our graduation.
 "Big News"—The Analecta.

* * *

Dumb Dora thinks that Canadian Rugby is effiminate because she heard someone yell: "They got the rouge!"

* * *

Little girl—O Mamma, I saw the funniest man when I was coming down the street today.

Mother—What was there funny about him?

Little girl—Why he was sitting on the sidewalk talking to a banana skin.

* * *

Teacher (as H. Loresback comes in 20 minutes late)—Late again!

Harry—Extraordinary coincidence, so am I.

* * *

The Seven Wonders of IXA

1. Clifford Harris' voice.
2. Bob Jamieson's occupation of winking.
3. Jack Huggin's enormous height.
4. Philip Pepper's eloquence of speech.
5. Doris Gardener's Science.
6. Dorothy Cross' unlimited knowledge.
7. Jack McNab's argumentative powers.

* * *

A Scotchman was walking along the street, and he kept taking a set of false teeth out of his vest pocket. His friend asked him if the set was his.

"No," he said, "they're my wife's."

"What is wrong with them?"

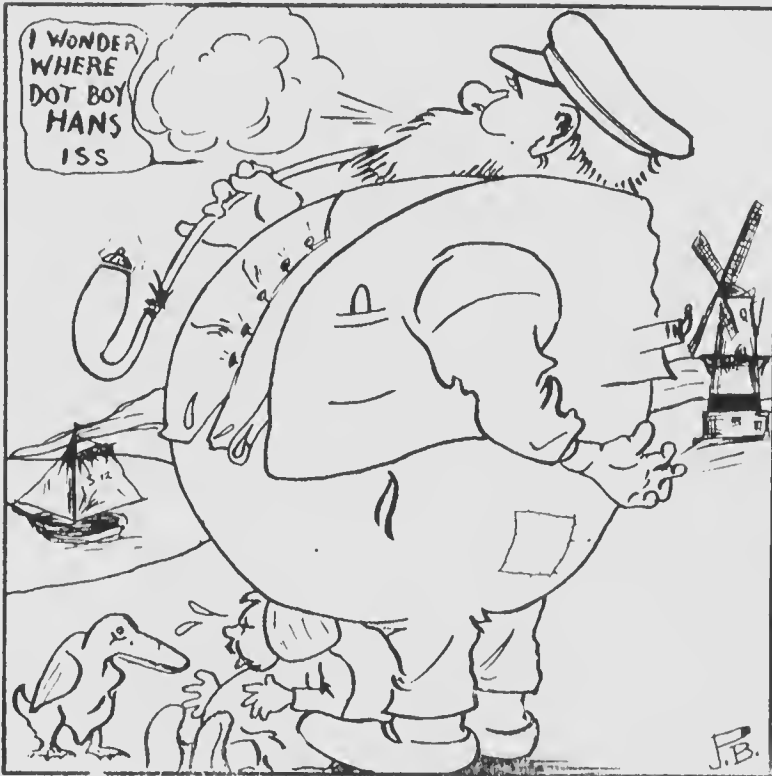
"I want to be sure that she doesn't eat between meals."

I once had a bottle of ink.
 I hid it, well I should think;
 Somehow it was found,
 They passed it around.
 I once had a bottle of ink.

* * *

A Scot had stolen a cow and one of his friends went to jail to see him.
 His first words were : "Och, Dougal mon, for why did ye steal the cow?
 Why did ye no buy it and not pay for it?"

* * *



* * *

Mildred—"The teacher said I had great talent as an inventor."
 Verna—"What did he say you could invent?"
 Mildred—"He said I could invent more new ways of spelling than any-
 one he'd ever known."

* * *

Teacher—"What can you tell me about nitrates?"
 Philip—"Well, for one thing they're cheaper than day rates."

* * *

The part of an auto that causes more accidents than any other is the
 nut that holds the steering wheel.

Darkey—"Doc, I'se jest been bit by a dawg."

Doctor—"Well, well. Was he a rabid dog?"

Darkey—"Nassah, doc, he was jest a plain old bird dawg."

* * *

Muriel—"Oh, look at the poor old man all bent over with rheumatism."

Angus—"Rheumatism, my eye! It's Henry coming back from a ride in a rumble seat."

* * *

Adam—"Honey, your teeth look like pearls, your lips like red apples."

Eve—"Aw, go on! I'll bet you tell that to every girl you see."

* * *

Artist—"This is my latest picture, 'Builders at Work.' It's very realistic."

Friend—"But they aren't at work."

Artist—"I know. That's the realism."

* * *

Fraternity Man (to prospective pledge)—"We have the finest bunch of fellows. None of them drinks or smokes. None of them chews, yet we have a swell time."

New Student—"Are you describing a nursery?"

* * *

People who have fallen asleep inside of concrete mixers that were in motion are the kind of people who sleep soundest in Geometry.

* * *

"Do fish perspire?"

"Of course, nut. Whadda you think makes the sea salty?"

* * *

She—"Sweetheart, you aren't sick, are you?"

He—"No, but I'd hate to yawn."

* * *

Sweet Young Thing—"I'd like a ticket to a football game."

Man Behind the Bars—"Yes, ma'm. Which game?"

S.Y.T.—"Oh, one that'll have a thrilling play in the last two minutes."

* * *

Leader—"The next piece will be 'Am I Blue.'"

Clarinet—"Gee, I just finished playing that."

* * *

"That ain't no sandwich. There ain't nothing in it."

"Sure it is. It's a Western sandwich—two hunks of bread with wide open spaces in between."

* * *

Corporal Jones was up for office hours. It seems that he had used unbecoming language while working with Private Smith on some electric wires near the officers' quarters.

"It was this way, sir," he offered. "Private Smith was up on the ladder and he had a ladle of hot paraffin. He slipped and spilled the boiling wax on my neck. So I says to him, 'Really, Private Smith, you should be more careful.'"

"I hear they're starting a new campaign against malaria."
"Good heavens! What have the Malarians done now?"

* * *

Father—"Hey, youse. Where do youse think yer goin'?"

Daughter—"Aw, I was only goin' out with Mike O'Rourke. He's dat coal heaver what's got a crush on me."

Father—"Dat's all right, kid. I t'ought youse was goin' out wit one of dem college boys."

* * *

Bum—"Say, bud, can you let me have a dollar and five cents for a cup of coffee?"

Gentleman—"What?"

Bum—"Yeah. The dollar is for the cover charge."

* * *

Interviewer—"To what do you attribute your success, Mr. Blopp?"

Business Man Blopp—"Hard work and the fact that I belong to six golf clubs."

* * *

Ininglass Ike wonders if these new front-wheel-drive cars will hurt the back seat drivers any this season.

* * *

Little Boy—"Gee, I've busted me auto."

Old Man—"My goodness! That's a calamity."

Little Boy—"No, it's a Booick."

* * *

They were sitting out in the moonlight.

"And," she said proudly, "if poverty comes, we'll face it together."

"Oh, sweetheart," he answered, "just the mere sight of your face would scare the wolf away."

And ever since he has been wondering why she returned his ring.

* * *

"Were you trying to catch that street car?"

"Oh no, indeed! I was merely frightening it away from this corner."

* * *

Her—"And will you love me as much as this when we are married?"

Him—"How can you doubt me? You know I've always liked married women best."

* * *

Little Sandy—"Hey, pa, let's go to Centennial Pageant, it's only a dollar."

Sandy—"Next time, laddie, next time."

* * *

McClung—"She's a suicide blonde."

Cameron—"Sez you!"

McClung—"Sure! She dyes by her own hand."

* * *

Nowadays, what is not worth saying is sung.

"Why do blushes creep over girls' faces?"

"Because if they ran, they would kick up too much dust."

* * *

"I can't understand why you married Henry. Why, he has only one arm."

"That's just it—I admire him because he's fought his way single handed."

* * *

Mrs. Worrymore—"My little boy has St. Vitus' dance terribly. I don't know what to do with him."

Boarder—"You might get him a conductor's baton and have him lead a jazz orchestra."

* * *

A saxophone is manufactured every forty seconds in America. That is good news, because we thought there were more than that around.

* * *

"What are you studying?"

"Oh, I'm taking up Scotch, French, Spanish, etc."

"How do you manage it?"

"Just push a handle up and down."

"What are you talking about?"

"I run an elevator, clown!"

* * *

Jim—"Talk about rating! Mamie just let me have ten bucks."

Slim—"That's nothin'—I've got a married woman sending me through school."

Jim—"Who is it?"

Slim—"My mother."

* * *

Caesar—"Fine chariot driver you are, lettin' Ben Hur walk over yah like that! Whassa matter with yah, yah big sap?"

Chariot Driver—"It's not my fault, sire. It's those confounded stowaways. There were three of 'em riding the axle:

* * *

A tourist travelling through Western Kansas saw a man sitting by the ruins of a house that had been blown away, and stopped to ask, "Was this your house, my friend?"

"Yep."

"Any of your family blown away with the house?"

"Yep, wife and four kids."

"Great Scott, man, why aren't you looking for them?"

"Been in this country quite a spell, stranger, and I know that this wind's due to change. Figure I might as well wait here till it brings 'em back."

* * *

A fraternity man was badly mangled in a train wreck, and when the doctors tried to identify him by the clothes he was wearing, it looked as though the whole chapter was injured.

"I just bought a nickel eraser."

"Oh, I should think a rubber one would be much better."

* * *

"Say, that guy Oscar was so lubricated last night that he sold the post-office."

"Well, why so down in the mouth about it?"

"Because I bought it."

* * *

Mary—"She hasn't been sick a day in her life."

Lois—"Gracious! Whatever does she talk about?"

* * *

Rastus—Here am a telegram from de boss in Africa. He says he is sending us some lions' tails.

Circus Owner's Wife — Lions' tails, Rastus? What are you talking about?

Rastus—Well, read it yourself. It say plain: "Just captured two lions. Sending details by mail."

* * *

There was a fearful crash as the train struck the car. A few seconds later Mr. and Mrs. Pickens crawled out of the wreckage. Mrs. Pickens opened her mouth to say something, but her husband stopped her.

"Never mind talking," he snapped. "I got my end of the car across. You were driving the back seat, and if you let it get hit it's no fault of mine!"

* * *

Garageman—"Check your oil?"

Motorist—"No, I'll take it with me."

* * *

When found robbing the cash box in the fish store, be nonchalant—smoke a herring.

* * *

Customer (at riding academy)—"I want a saddle horse."

Riding Master—"What kind of a saddle do you want, English or Mexican?"

Customer—"What's the difference?"

Riding Master—"English saddles are perfectly plain, and the Mexican have a horn."

Customer—"Give me one with a horn. I'm not used to the traffic."

* * *

She (to husband after argument)—"All right, have it my way."

* * *

"I got a letter from the college that says our Nellie's been stealin'."

"What?"

"Says she's takin' home economics."

* * *

"I suppose you'll see Trojan's column in Rome."

"Yes, I'll probably read it every day."

Howlers

Lord Macaulay suffered from gout and wrote all his poems in iambic feet.

School boards were not introduced until 1870. Previous to this small slates had to be used.

Magna Charta was good and kind and everybody liked her. She was strong.

George Washington was the founder of steam. His first steam engine was called the locomotive.

The opposite of evergreen is nevergreen.

The population of London is a bit too thick.

The only signs of life in the Tundras are a few stunted corpses.

Joan of Arc was called Joan of Arc because after taking Orleans she married Noah.

Definition of "Craft Guild"—This is when a man makes a poor thing, shines it up, and sells it to the people for twice as much as it is worth.

A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off.

Quinine is the bark of a tree; canine is the bark of a dog.

Parallel lines never meet unless you bend one or both of them.

A poetic licence is a licence you get from the Post Office to keep poets. You get one also if you want to keep a dog. It costs 50 cents and call it a dog licence.

The opposite of flat-chested is humpbacked.

A damsel is a little plum.

R.I.P.—Return immediately please.

Syncopation is emphasis on a note which is not in a piece.

Post-mortem—After twelve o'clock.

A compliment is when you say something to another which he and we know is not true.

Foreigners are neutralized when they settle in England.

There Was a Man

There was a man who figured that
By driving good and fast
He'd get his car across the track
Before the train had past.

He'd miss the engine by an inch
He'd make the train crew sore;
There was a man who figured, that—
There isn't any more.

College Yells!!

LOCOMOTIVE YELL (slow and loud)

C—E—N—T—R—A—L

C-E-N-T-R-A-L C-E-N-T-R-A-L

CENTRAL CENTRAL

C E N T R A L .

* * * *

YELL, YELL, we have no YELL,
But when we YELL, we YELL like—

BABY IN A HIGH-CHAIR.

WHO put her there?

MA-PA-SIS BOOM BAH,

C.C.I. C.C.I. RAH! RAH!! RAH!!!

* * * *

WRIGLEY'S—

WRIGLEY'S, WRIGLEY'S Spearmint gum,

WHO'LL put on the BUM?

WE will, WE will—WHIO are WE?

C-E-N-T-R-A-L C-O-L-L-E-G-I-A-T-E,

Can't you see?

* * * *

The W-O-R-M-S crawl in—the W-O-R-M-S crawl out,
. 's wormy IN and OUT.

Aoooooooo ! Aooooooooooooo !!

C-H-E-E-S-E.

* * * *

BOOM CHICKA BOOM,

BOOM CHICKA BOOM,

BOOM CHICKA CHICKA CHICKA

BOOM ! BOOM !! BOOM !!!

RIP RAY RAY — RIP RAY RAY,

C.C.I. C.C.I.

WIN to-day.

* * * *

Strawberry-shortcake—Huckleberry-pie

V—I—C—T—O—R—Y

Are we in it ? Well I guess,

TOP of the morning

C. H. S.

* * *

BARNEY GOOGLE,

ANDY GUMP,

We've got on the jump.

OH—MIN.

COLLEGE YELLS—Cont'd

When you're up—you're UP.
 When you're down—you're DOWN.
 When you're up against CENTRAL—
 You're UPSIDE DOWN.

* * * *

RIFFETY RIFFETY RIFF RAFF,
 CHIFFETY CHIFFETY CHIFF CHAFF,
 RIFF RAFF, CHIFF CHAFF,
 Let's give 'em the horse laugh—
 H-E-E H-A-W.

* * * *

Wash 'em out,
 Wring 'em out,
 Hang them on the line,
 We can beat, any old time.

* * * *

Ice cream, Soda water,
 Gingerale pop,
 CENTRAL ! CENTRAL !!
 Always on TOP.

* * * *

Ky-yee, Ky-yi, Ky-yickety-flin,
 Come out of your shell and watch us win.
 We're WILD, we're WOOLEY, we're ROUGH
 like a saw,
 CENTRAL COLLEGIATE—
 RAH ! RAH ! RAH !!!

* * * *

JACK-A-LACKA, SHACK-A-LACKA,
 Rubber, oil and paint.
 Would be's, has been's ?
 Well I guess we ain't.
 Hear us holler
 Like a dollar—
 SIS, BOOM, BAH,
 C.C.I., C.C.I., RAH ! RAH !! RAH !!!

* * * *

Kick 'em in the shins,
 Poke 'em in the jaw,
 Put 'em in the CEMETERY—
 RAH ! RAH !! RAH !!!

* * * *

A-rickety-rackety rus,
 We're not ALOUD TO CUSS,
 But nevertheless we must confess
 There's nothing the matter with us.

* * * *

1, 2, 3, 4, who in the 7734
 are we for ?
 ARE WE FOR ?
 C E N T R A L .

L'ENVOI

In our year-book we have attempted to outline in our own peculiar way the events of our school life. It was our desire to please everyone—even the teachers. Perhaps we have, maybe we haven't. However, we ask you to accept this Analecta for whatever it is worth to you. Whether it may recall in later years the many memories of your school life or whether it may only remain on the shelf, there to be coated with dust and thrown out on "spring-housecleaning day."

May we heartily thank all the students in Central High who have in any way aided us in the production of this book. We thank Miss Moore and Mr. Forsythe for their invaluable assistance as supervising editors. In thanking our advertisers we assure them that you will do all in your power to aid us and to repay them, by patronizing their various concerns. Your co-operation in this matter is most essential. On behalf of our advertisers then, we urge your patronage, and once more thank them for their splendid support.

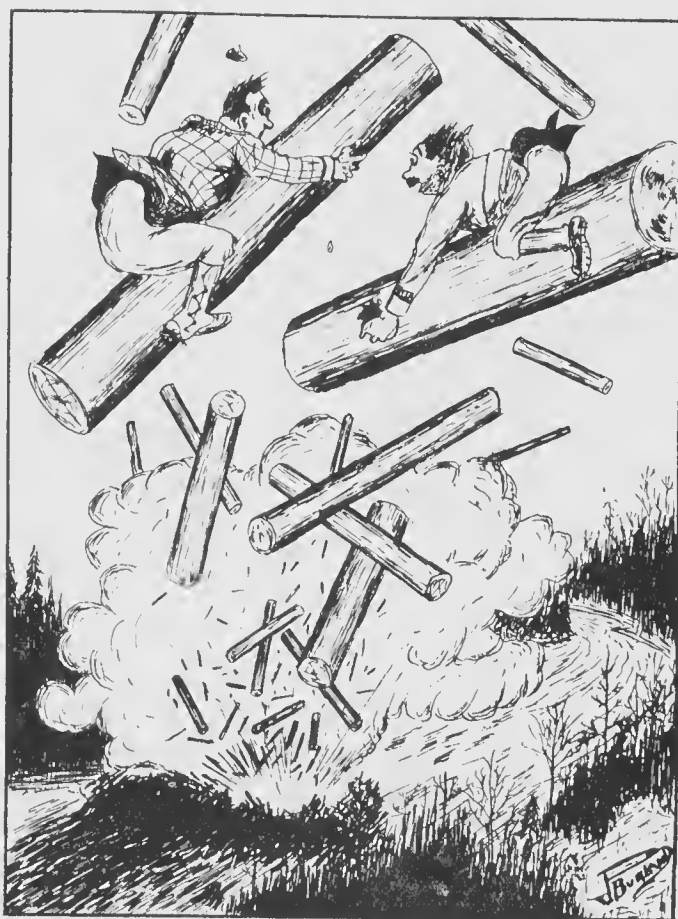
This Analecta is not perfect. But who said it was? We have made some changes which we hope are for the better. We would like to have made more changes to produce the best. Nevertheless a great deal of long, hard and faithful work has been done in producing this book, and in view of this fact we commend it to you.

In conclusion we wish the next year's staff of the Analecta the greatest success. May they produce a year-book far better than this. We feel sure that they will,—holding up higher than we have done—the traditions of our C.C.I.

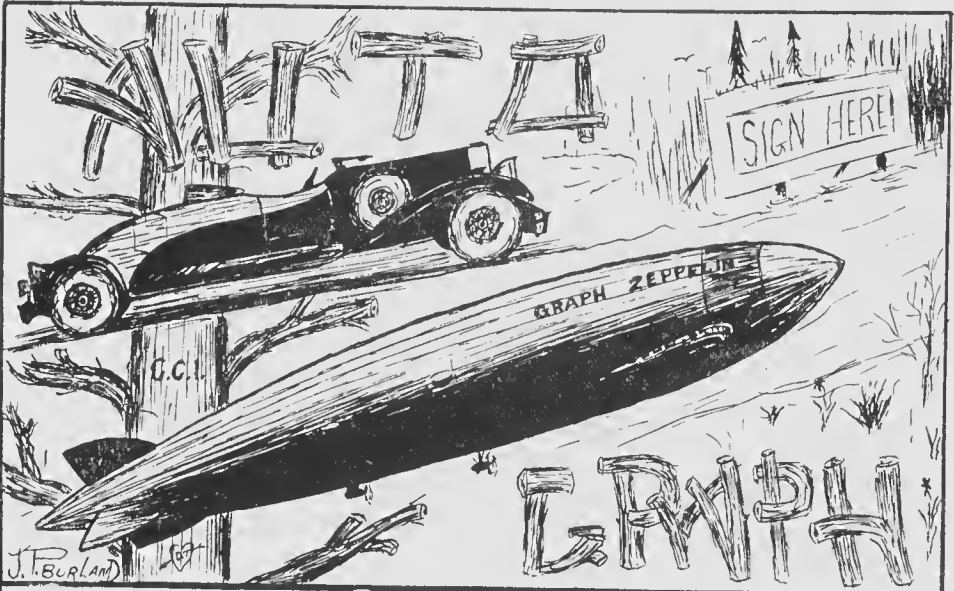
Leaving the next year's Editor and his Staff to carry on in a more worthy manner. We remain,

THE ANALECTA STAFF.





End



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Mother—"Mary, did you give Willie half your apple?"

Mary—"No, Mummy, I didn't. Eve has been criticized for that little performance ever since it occurred."

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"Ray" "

Edward Beach
Douglas Marks

James Portman

John - the 4th

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Alexis W. Mason
Mrs. W. Waterman
K. L. Higham
1929-30
J. D. Landau
(A. L. N.)

Mrs. Coutts—"Dave, are you teaching that parrot to swear?"
 David—"No mother, I'm just telling it what not to say."

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GIVE IT A NAME

Don't say "Flour"

say Spiller's

"BAKE-RITE"

Baby Picture No. 9—Ken Robertson

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Its operation is so radically different from other Automatic Refrigerators—being absolutely silent, producing continuous cold at any temperature desired, without moving parts, no machinery of any kind — that you have probably wondered how it works.

A tiny Gas Flame or an Electric Heating Element and a trickle of water, THAT'S ALL.

Two students making a thesis on Refrigeration, at the Royal Institute of Technology, Stockholm, Sweden, discovered HOW TO MAKE COLD WITH HEAT, and received two million eight hundred thousand dollars cash for their patents.

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